

THE SATURDAY

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EDMUND DEACON, } EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
HENRY PETERSON,

WATER-LILIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Down on the lake where the waters sleep
In a trance of leafy gloom.—
Rocked ceaselessly by the falling swell.
In an endless waste of bloom,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Unbosom their rich perfume.

Oh, fragrantly, after the stars go out,
And the silent night is done,
When their morning chorus of thankfulness
The wood-birds have begun,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Look up to their lord, the sun.

And a spell like that which the lotus owns,
Steals over the charmed air,
When, folding away their shining leaves
So wondrously white and fair,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Their golden hearts lay bare.
White angels of the crystal lake
These gorgeous blossoms be,—
There is never a touch of soiling dust
On their radiant drapery,—
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies,
Emblems of purity!

THE RUNAWAY MATCH. A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

PART IV.

MARY GORING.

So that warning chill had worked itself out at last, and the tribulation had come. Was it my fault? Was it my fault? I shall ask myself the question to the latest hour of my life. Perhaps, when they invited her to spend some time in their luxurious house, I ought to have remembered the chill, and that it was the first time I saw her together when it had stolen over me, and therefore have refused my consent. But they pressed earnestly for her, saying what a comfort she would be to their unfortunate daughter, and I was laughed at for hinting at any objection to it. Lucy laughed at me; Miss Graves laughed at me; Francis Goring, though she was but a child, laughed at me; and when they inquired my grounds, I had none to give, for not even to myself did I, or could I, define them. "They live in style, they keep gay company, it will be giving Mary ideas beyond her sphere of life," were all the arguments I could urge; none difficult to overrule. So Mary went for a few days at Easter, which would have been nothing, for she came home, I do believe, perfectly heart-whole; but she went again at Midsummer, to accompany Lady Elliot and Clara to the sea-side, and then the mischief was done. What else could have been expected, thrown, as she was, into the fascinating society of William Elliot?

But who was to know that he would make one of the party? Nobody. In the first week of Lady Elliot's arrival at Spa (as good a name as any other for their marine residence, it not being convenient to give the right one) she was surprised at being followed thither by her son. He was come for some sea-bathing, he said, and forthwith engaged apartments at an hotel. Nine weeks her ladyship remained,—nine weeks! and the whole of that time were he and Mary perpetually together. Sir Thomas Elliot wrote once, a curt, decisive letter of three lines, demanding how much more time he meant to waste, and Mr. William wrote back that he was studying where he was, just as hard as he could in his chambers. So he was: studying the sweet face and pure mind of Mary Goring.

"I guessed how it was," Miss Graves said afterwards to me. "There were climbings up the cliffs; and ramblings on the beach, after sea-shells; and readings in the afternoon; and moonlight lingers in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment with Miss Goring."

"Strolling on the beach together, and talking sentiment by moonlight!" I uttered in dismay. "And you could see all this going on, and never write to me!"

"It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that ever were written. I'll give you an example. One night they were all out in the garden, Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Tea came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara, and, standing close by, was William Elliot with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now I ask you, Miss Hallowell, or

any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight? People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame, and I'll maintain it."

Dear me! she quite vexed me with her rubbish about the moon. As if, when she saw those two growing fond of each other, she could not have despached a hint of it to me by post! "What could Lady Elliot have been thinking of?" I inquired.

"Bless you, she saw nothing of it," returned Miss Graves. "Her idea was that William haunted us for the sake of taking care of Clara, and she was rarely out with herself. She makes so much of Mr. William: she would never dream of his falling in love with anything less than a lord's daughter. But there's no great harm done. When I was Mary Goring's age, I had lots of attachments, one after the other, and they never came to anything. A dozen at least."

It was so stupid, her comparing herself to Mary Goring! Not that I wish to dispense Miss Graves, who is a very estimable young woman, but she and Mary are differently constituted. Miss Graves is full of practical sobriety, without a grain of romance in her composition, all head; while Mary is made up of refined feeling and imaginative sentiment, all heart. The one would be likely to have a dozen "attachments," and forget them as soon as they were over; but the other, if she once loved, would retain the traces for all her future life. It was of no use, however, saying this to Miss Graves: she would not have understood me, and I was too vexed to argue. Besides, it would not have been what was done.

I saw it as soon as Mary came home. There was a change about the girl: a serene look of inward happiness, an absence of mind to what was going on around her, a giving way to dreamy listlessness of thought. And when, in the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. William Elliot had made one of the party at Spa, my surprised exclamation caused the damask flush in Mary's cheeks to change into glowing, conscious crimson. It is true Mary had, in one of her letters, mentioned Mr. William's name, but I never supposed he was there for more than a day or so: run down to see his mother and sister, by, perhaps an excursion train. So that suspicious crimson convinced me at once: I wished it anywhere but in Mary's face: and when Miss Graves came to our house, a few days subsequently, to spend an evening with us, I spoke to her about it, and hence the above conversation.

"You need not annoy yourself over it," persisted Miss Graves, who was anxious to excuse herself. "If they did fall in love with each other—which I dare say they did, and I won't tell any story about it—they will soon forget it, now they don't meet. If you keep her out of sight when Mr. William calls here, he'll soon cease coming, and the affair will die a natural death."

"Of course Mary will not be permitted to see him," I warmly rejoined; "but as to the affair dying out, that is another thing."

The crossed one's good resolutions meet with! the *ruses* young people are up to, unsuspected by old ones! Would anybody believe that at that very time, that same identical hour, when I and Miss Graves were in the drawing-room, laying down so cleverly our plans for their separation, they were together, in the dining-parlor below us? Upon my going into that apartment some time afterwards, who should be standing there, at the open window, but Mr. William Elliot and Mary Goring! Enjoying each other's society in the dangerous twilight hour of that summer's night; in the sweet scent of the closing flowers; in the calm rays of the early stars—all dangerous together for two young hearts. The saying of "knocking one down with a feather" could not precisely apply to me, for you might have knocked me down with half a one.

"Well, I'm sure!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, not quite so courteously. I fear, as politeness to a guest demands, "I did not know you were here, sir. Have you been here long?"

"Not long," replied Mr. William Elliot, advancing to shake hands with me.

"Not long!" It came into my mind, as he spoke, that I had heard a bustle, as of some one being shown in, a full hour before.

I had not seen him for three months, and his good looks, his winning manners, struck upon me more forcibly than ever. Not so pleasantly as they used to do, for the annoying reflection suggested itself—if they won over to my old heart, what must they have done by Mary's? I took my resolution: it was to speak openly to him, and I sent Mary up-stairs to Lucy and Miss Graves.

"Mr. Elliot," I began, in my heat, "is this well done?"

He looked fearlessly at me, with his truthful eye and open countenance. There was no guile there.

"Is what well done?" he rejoined.

"I am deeply grieved at having suffered my niece to accompany your mother to the sea-side. I did not know you were to be of the party, or she should certainly not have gone."

"Why not, Miss Hallowell?"

"Why not! I hear of ramblings on the sands and moonlight interviews in the garden—yes, with Mary Goring. Was this well done, sir?"

"It was not ill done," was his reply.

"Mr. Elliot," I continued, "I am a plain-speaking old body, but I have had some experience in life, and I find that plain-speaking answers best in the end. You must be aware

that such conduct as you have pursued cannot well fail to gain the affections of an inexperienced girl; and my belief is, that you have been wilfully setting yourself out to win those of Miss Goring."

"I will not deny it; I have tried to win them. Because, dear Miss Hallowell," he added, advancing to me, and speaking with emotion, "because she first gained mine. I love Miss Goring, truly, fervently, with a love that will end but with my life. From the first day I saw her here, when poor Clara said she had found a new sister—you may remember it—she never ceased to haunt me; her face and its sweet expression, her manners, her gentle voice, were in my mind continually, and I knew they could only belong to a good, pure, and refined nature. It did not take long companionship, when we were thrown together, to perfect that love; and, that done, I did set myself out, as you observe, to win hers, in exchange. I trust I have succeeded."

I had raced up to the top of the Monument (where I have never yet ventured,) the run could not more effectually have taken away my breath and my senses than this bold avowal, which to my ears sounded as much like rhapsody as reason.

"And what, in the name of wonder, do you promise yourself by all this, sir?" I asked, when my amazement could find speech. "What end?"

"There is but one end that an avowal, such as mine, could have in view, Miss Hallowell. The end, the hope, that Miss Goring will become my wife."

"Well, you will excuse me, Mr. Elliot," I said, after a long stare at him, "but I fear you must be crazed."

He burst out laughing.

"Why do you fear that?"

"There is no more probability of your marrying Mary Goring than there is of your marrying that chair, sir. So the best thing you can do, is to get her out of your head as speedily as you can."

He did not speak for some moments, and I saw the color mount to his brow.

"What is your objection to me, Miss Hallowell?"

"I suppose you are playing on my simplicity, sir, to ask what my objection is," I replied. "It is your family that the objection will come from, not mine. The son of the great Sir Thomas Elliot will never be suffered to wed simple Mary Goring."

"Miss Goring is of gentle blood," he remonstrated.

"I trust she is," I said, drawing myself up, "though we, the sisters of her mother, are obliged to keep a school for our living. But your friend will look at position, as well as gentle blood. May I ask, sir, if Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot know of this?"

"Not yet."

"As I thought, Mr. Elliot. Your romance with my niece must end this night."

"It will not, indeed, Miss Hallowell."

"Sir, it shall. And I must observe that you have acted a cruel part. A young lady's affections are not be played with like a foot-ball. However, you have seen her for the last time."

"Allow me to see her once more," he rejoined.

"Not if I know it, sir."

"For an instant only, in your presence," he earnestly pleaded. "Surely that can do no harm, if we are to part."

"It will not, indeed, Miss Hallowell."

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"It will not, indeed, Miss Hallowell."

"You must have known it," returned Lady Elliot.

"How should I?" I said, drawing myself up.

"I have been avowing to your aunt how matters stand," he said. "She would persuade me to relinquish you; she thinks such love as ours can be thrown off at will. So I requested your presence here, Mary, that we might assure her our engagement is of a different nature; that we are bound to each other by ties irreconcileable in the spirit, as they hereafter shall be made in reality."

So that was all I got by calling Mary. She had paled, and blushed, and faltered, and now she began to cry and shake. Mr. William leaped over her with reasuring words of the deepest tenderness. I saw nothing but perplexity before them, and not one wink of sleep did I get that blessed night.

One day the renowned physician, Sir Thomas Elliot, was not himself. In lieu of the stately imperturbability which characterised the distinguished west-end practitioner, his manners betrayed a nervousness, an absence of mind, never before witnessed. To one lady patient, who consulted him for dyspepsia, he ordered cod-liver oil and port wine; to another, who was deep in consumption, he prescribed leeches, and to live upon barley-water. He had a large infusion of patients that day, and an unusual number of calls to make from home. Not until a few minutes before the dinner-hour did he find his time his own.

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Mrs. Goring had dined with her husband at her house, having come to her dinner. During her absence the poison was introduced into a glass of water, which, as was customary, stood at the bedside, and Mrs. Goring, when she awoke, drank it. Goring was in the garden the whole of this time, never came into the house at all, as the servants testified, until aroused by the screams in Mrs. Goring's room. Miss Howard was in the dining-room, which adjoined the surgery, and the servants equally testified that if she had quitted it to go up-stairs, they must have heard her. So the case was wrapped in mystery, and remains so.

"The worst feature was, Dr. Goring's marrying the woman afterwards," observed Mr. Warburton.

"Marrying her! the governess?" exclaimed Sir Thomas Elliot.

"He did. She was dismissed from the house on Mrs. Goring's death; but, twelve months afterwards, Miss Howard became Mrs. Goring."

"Why, the man must have been mad!" uttered Sir Thomas.

"He was wrong there," said Dr. Ashe. "I told him so. But what I said went for nothing, for he was bent upon it. His death was a mystery also; I never could fathom it. He married this girl, Sir Thomas, went off with her for a fortnight, and came back, so changed that we hardly knew him. He started on the journey a gay, healthy man; he returned wasted in frame, broken in spirits, and in two months was laid in his wife's grave. There was no particular complaint, but he wasted away to death; literally pined away, it seemed."

"And pined in silence," added Mr. Warburton, "for he never would acknowledge himself ill."

"I see, gentlemen," returned Sir Thomas, "it was a bad affair altogether, from beginning to end: one not too well calculated to bear the light of day."

"At any rate the light of day has never been thrown upon it," answered Dr. Ashe.

"And the daughter of such a man shall never become William's wife," mentally concluded Sir Thomas Elliot. "But, to go back to the next room, gentlemen," he added, aloud. "My opinion—"

We need not follow their consultation for their patient. It came to an end, and Sir Thomas Elliot went steaming up to town again by the first train. It happened to be a slow train, stopping at every station, which drove the physician into a fever nearly as great as that of the poor lady he had been to visit; he was so intensely eager to meet his wife. A compliment he had not paid her of recent years.

Lady Elliot seized with avidity upon the information. It was a pretext for demanding of William to break off the match. "Of course," she said, "he will not think of entering upon the connexion now."

A presentiment struck me that something was wrong when Anna came into the schoolroom, and Sir Thomas Elliot wanted me. These presentiments do come across us sometimes, without our knowing why or wherefore. Do they ever fail of being borne out? Never, with me. Surely there was nothing unusual, nothing to create surprise or uneasiness, in Sir Thomas Elliot's paying us a morning visit, connected as our families were about to be; yet before I got to the drawing-room door, all that was to take place seemed to flash upon me. Sir Thomas turned round at my entrance, and prefixed what he had to say, by stating that he had been called to Middlebury, the previous day, on professional business.

"I am aware of it, sir," I said. "Mr. William took tea with us last evening, and mentioned that you were gone there."

"How did he know?" growled Sir Thomas, under his breath. "Called in and heard it from his mother, I suppose. Well, madam, to brief—for I have patients waiting now for me at home, and knew not how to spare time for coming here—I am concerned to tell you that I received an account of the late Dr. Goring ('Doctor,' as I hear him universally called, though I find he was only a general practitioner) which has considerably surprised me."

"In what way, sir?" I asked, with calmness. Though, indeed, my heart was fluttering sadly.

"Why, madam, can you be ignorant that—you must pardon my speaking plainly: I only repeat the statement as it was given to me—that Dr. Goring was suspected of having poisoned his wife!"

"Oh, sir!" I interrupted, "do not, I pray you, speak so injuriously of the dead. Dr. Goring was an honorable man, of a kind, good nature, a gentleman and a scholar; one not capable of so dreadful a crime. I am cognizant of all the particulars, and I assert that whenever accused Dr. Goring of killing her, was guilty of a wicked calumny!"

"But he was suspected," urged Sir Thomas.

"Not by those who knew him, who knew the circumstances."

"There was some one else mixed up in the affair: a governess!"

"Unhappily there was," I answered. "Say, rather, the author of it all, Sir Thomas." I added, with emphasis. "But I whisper this only to you."

"Who afterwards became Dr. Goring's wife?" continued Sir Thomas, looking steadfastly at me.

"I am ashamed to say she did."

"Well, madam, this is just what I have heard. We will not differ about minor details, the facts are the same. Under the circumstances, you cannot be surprised that I have this morning forbidden my son to think more of Miss Goring."

"Oh, Sir Thomas Elliot!" I exclaimed. "It will be a cruel thing!"

"I hope not. I do not wish to hurt the young lady's feelings more than is unavoidable, and I cast no reproach upon her. I believe her to be, personally, most estimable. Still, I must have due considerations for my son's honor and for that of his family, and a young lady liable to be pointed at as—as in short, as the daughter of Dr. Goring of Middlebury, cannot be eligible to become William Elliot's wife."

I think he said more; but I was too grieved, too stunned, I may say, to remember what it

was. I could not help feeling that he had got out of the predicament by an alliance with Mary Goring. I watched him get into his carriage, from the window, and I don't know that my heart had ever failed me so painfully in my life. How wretched to leave it to Mary!

I did not know, though I pondered over it all that livelong day. When evening comes, and she finds it does not bring him, I repeated to myself, how can I ever say to her, "Not only this evening he is absent, but all others!" It will break her heart. Long wondered why I absented myself from the school-room, and I could not muster courage to tell her. So the evening came, and I had said nothing, but it brought Mr. William Elliot. I called out to the servants to show him into the dining-room, not to let him come up-stairs, and then ran down myself. "Oh, Mr. William!" I uttered—and for the very life of me I could not help bursting into tears—"what is to be done?"

He took my hands kindly as ever, but his own were unsteady, and his face wore an unnatural paleness. "What does Mary say? How does she bear it?" were his first words.

"I have not dared to tell her. I did not know how."

"That is well. She had better hear it from me."

"From you! Oh no, Mr. Elliot."

"Believe me, yes," he firmly rejoined.

"None can soothe it to her in the telling as I can."

"It is the first shock that will be the worst, and I dread it for her."

He turned from me, put his arm on the window-frame, and leaned his forehead upon it. I did not like to witness his emotion; his whole attitude spoke despair.

"Let me see her," he resumed.

I reflected, and believed it might be best. For what was I, what were we all to her, in comparison with William Elliot?

"One promise, Mr. Elliot," I said. "You are not going to talk to her of a continued engagement, or—a private marriage? Excuse me, but I have heard of such things being done."

"No; I give you my honor. I have already given it to my mother. This evening is to close my intercourse with Mary, and the interview I ask for, is, that we may bid each other farewell. I have no alternative. None. My mother—he paused, and a sort of shudder seemed to come over him—"my mother pointed out—that is—I would say that she exacted a promise from me that I would never marry clandestinely; without her full consent. And I gave it."

"Quite right. You could not have done otherwise."

"And now that they have taken this prejudice against Mary's family, to ask for consent would be fruitless. So there is no hope, and I cannot help myself. But they had better—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"have destroyed us both, as her mother was destroyed. It would have been more merciful."

I went up stairs to the drawing-room, and beckoned Mary out.

"Oh, aunt!" she said, "what is all this? Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, dear child, there is," I answered, fondly stroking down her hair, while the ready tears gathered in my eyes. "I have known it all day, and I could not tell you. William Elliot will; he is in the dining-room. Now do not agitate yourself."

"But what is it? Are we?"—she trembled excessively—"is he?"

"Go to him, my darling. He will soothe it to you better than I can."

So she went into the room, and Mr. Elliot moved forward, and closed the door behind them, while I paced about in the hall, outside, like a troubled ghost.

It was quite dusk when he came out to leave, but the hall lamp was lighted, and I saw the traces of deep emotion, of tears, on both faces. Yes, on both; and you need not despise William Elliot for that. We don't, many of us, throughout our lives, go through such a trying interview as that had been to him.

"God bless you, dear Miss Halliwell," he said, "and thank you for the many courtesies, the kindness, you have shown me. And God bless you, Mary," he added, in a whisper, "and remember what I have said. Though they have succeeded in separating us, though your path must lie one way and mine another, and we may not meet again, you will ever be first in the heart of William Elliot."

The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children! Was it ever exemplified, in any case, more plainly than in this? When my random, thoughtless brother-in-law, Matthew Goring, made love to his daughter's governess, or encouraged her to make it to him—which ever it might be—outraging his wife, outraging his children, outraging me, (I who pointed out his wicked folly to him, and got ridicule from him for my pains,) did he imagine that very folly would be the means, hereafter, of destroying his dearest child's happiness and prospects in life? No. Yet it proved so. Oh, men! you who have wives and children, how careful should you be to tread in the right path! A little dereliction from it may seem to you but a light matter, not worth a thought, only worth the amusement of the moment; it seemed so to Dr. Goring. Yet, for him, what did it bring forth? His wife's destruction; his disgraceful second marriage; his own early death; the breaking up of his children's home, and the driving them out, orphans, into the world. And now the fatality was pursuing even them! Lightly enough does man commit sin, but when on the point of wilfully falling into it, he would do well to pause, and remember that the promises of God are never broken, and that one of those promises is, "I will visit the sins of fathers upon the children."

"Oh, Sir Thomas Elliot!" I exclaimed. "It will be a cruel thing!"

"I hope not. I do not wish to hurt the young lady's feelings more than is unavoidable, and I cast no reproach upon her. I believe her to be, personally, most estimable. Still, I must have due considerations for my son's honor and for that of his family, and a young lady liable to be pointed at as—as in short, as the daughter of Dr. Goring of Middlebury, cannot be eligible to become William Elliot's wife."

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was. I could not help feeling that he had got out of the predicament by an alliance with Mary Goring. I watched him get into his carriage, from the window, and I don't know that my heart had ever failed me so painfully in my life. How wretched to leave it to Mary!

I did not know, though I pondered over it all that livelong day. When evening comes, and she finds it does not bring him, I repeated to myself, how can I ever say to her, "Not only this evening he is absent, but all others!" It will break her heart. Long wondered why I absented myself from the school-room, and I could not muster courage to tell her. So the evening came, and I had said nothing, but it brought Mr. William Elliot. I called out to the servants to show him into the dining-room, not to let him come up-stairs, and then ran down myself. "Oh, Mr. William!" I uttered—and for the very life of me I could not help bursting into tears—"what is to be done?"

He took my hands kindly as ever, but his own were unsteady, and his face wore an unnatural paleness.

"What does Mary say? How does she bear it?" were his first words.

"I have not dared to tell her. I did not know how."

"That is well. She had better hear it from me."

"From you! Oh no, Mr. Elliot."

"Believe me, yes," he firmly rejoined.

"None can soothe it to her in the telling as I can."

"It is the first shock that will be the worst, and I dread it for her."

He turned from me, put his arm on the window-frame, and leaned his forehead upon it. I did not like to witness his emotion; his whole attitude spoke despair.

"Let me see her," he resumed.

I reflected, and believed it might be best. For what was I, what were we all to her, in comparison with William Elliot?

"One promise, Mr. Elliot," I said. "You are not going to talk to her of a continued engagement, or—a private marriage? Excuse me, but I have heard of such things being done."

"No; I give you my honor. I have already given it to my mother. This evening is to close my intercourse with Mary, and the interview I ask for, is, that we may bid each other farewell. I have no alternative. None. My mother—he paused, and a sort of shudder seemed to come over him—"my mother pointed out—that is—I would say that she exacted a promise from me that I would never marry clandestinely; without her full consent. And I gave it."

"Quite right. You could not have done otherwise."

"And now that they have taken this prejudice against Mary's family, to ask for consent would be fruitless. So there is no hope, and I cannot help myself. But they had better—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"have destroyed us both, as her mother was destroyed. It would have been more merciful."

I went up stairs to the drawing-room, and beckoned Mary out.

"Oh, aunt!" she said, "what is all this? Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, dear child, there is," I answered, fondly stroking down her hair, while the ready tears gathered in my eyes. "I have known it all day, and I could not tell you. William Elliot will; he is in the dining-room. Now do not agitate yourself."

"But what is it? Are we?"—she trembled excessively—"is he?"

"Go to him, my darling. He will soothe it to you better than I can."

So she went into the room, and Mr. Elliot moved forward, and closed the door behind them, while I paced about in the hall, outside, like a troubled ghost.

It was quite dusk when he came out to leave, but the hall lamp was lighted, and I saw the traces of deep emotion, of tears, on both faces. Yes, on both; and you need not despise William Elliot for that. We don't, many of us, throughout our lives, go through such a trying interview as that had been to him.

"God bless you, dear Miss Halliwell," he said, "and thank you for the many courtesies, the kindness, you have shown me. And God bless you, Mary," he added, in a whisper, "and remember what I have said. Though they have succeeded in separating us, though your path must lie one way and mine another, and we may not meet again, you will ever be first in the heart of William Elliot."

The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children! Was it ever exemplified, in any case, more plainly than in this? When my random, thoughtless brother-in-law, Matthew Goring, made love to his daughter's governess, or encouraged her to make it to him—which ever it might be—outraging his wife, outraging me, (I who pointed out his wicked folly to him, and got ridicule from him for my pains,) did he imagine that very folly would be the means, hereafter, of destroying his dearest child's happiness and prospects in life? No. Yet it proved so. Oh, men! you who have wives and children, how careful should you be to tread in the right path! A little dereliction from it may seem to you but a light matter, not worth a thought, only worth the amusement of the moment; it seemed so to Dr. Goring. Yet, for him, what did it bring forth? His wife's destruction; his disgraceful second marriage; his own early death; the breaking up of his children's home, and the driving them out, orphans, into the world. And now the fatality was pursuing even them! Lightly enough does man commit sin, but when on the point of wilfully falling into it, he would do well to pause, and remember that the promises of God are never broken, and that one of those promises is, "I will visit the sins of fathers upon the children."

"Oh, Sir Thomas Elliot!" I exclaimed. "It will be a cruel thing!"

"I hope not. I do not wish to hurt the young lady's feelings more than is unavoidable, and I cast no reproach upon her. I believe her to be, personally, most estimable. Still, I must have due considerations for my son's honor and for that of his family, and a young lady liable to be pointed at as—as in short, as the daughter of Dr. Goring of Middlebury, cannot be eligible to become William Elliot's wife."

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THE AGE; A COLOSSAL SATIRE, by PHILIP BAKER, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is, as one must think, unworthy the author of "Tennyson"—that poem so remarkable for its vastness, and the power, subtlety and humor of many of its thoughts and images. How forcible and pithy lines alone relieve the sombre, turgid, and dreary monotony of this heavy satire. Only here and there, at long intervals, the dull life is lit with a spark of poetry. The best things in the volume are the brief pieces at the end. The bit called "A Fragment" is full of dark imagination and weird imagery. Best of all is this—solemn, stern, and surcharged with the spirit of prayer—

THE PASSING BELL.

Hark! 'tis the passing bell;
While the soul is on its way,
While it waves its upward wings,
We yet may pray.

Pray for the good man's soul;
He is leaving earth for heaven;
And it soothes us to feel that the best
May be forgiven.

Pray for the sinful soul;
It fleeth we know not where;
But wherever it be, let us hope,
For God is there.

Pray for the rich man's soul;
Not all he unjus, nor vain;
The wise he consoled; and he saved
The poor from pain.

Pray for the poor man's soul;
The death of this life of ours,
He hath shrouded from his feet; he is one
Of the heavenly powers.

Pray for the old man's soul;
He had labored long; through life
It was battle, or march; he hath ceased,
Serene, from strife.

Pray for the infant's soul;
With his spirit's crown unsoiled,
He hath won, without war, a realm;
Gained all, nor toiled.

Pray for the struggling soul;
The mists of the straits of death
Clear off; in some star-bright isle
It anchoreth.

Pray for the soul assured:
Though it wrought in a gloomy mine,
Yet the gems it earned were its own,
That soul divine.

Pray for the simple soul;
For it layed, and therein was wise,
Though it knew not; but with Heaven
Confused the skies.

Pray for the sage's soul;
Neath his weikin wide of mind,
Lay the central thought of God,
Though undefined.

Pray for the high, the mean;
Souls are of equal birth;
Let the thought be the joy of the world,
And end of earth.

Pray for the souls of all,
To God, and His holy Son,
That, filled with the Spirit Divine,
All may be one.

Hush! for the bell hath ceased;
And the spirit's fate is sealed;
To the angels known; to man
Left unrevealed.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, WITH OTHER SKETCHES FROM SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN SOCIAL LIFE, by ROBERT MORRIS, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a volume of essays which our old citizens will read with pleasure, and our young citizens may read with profit. If our old citizens will take their respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. John Grigg, as their representative, we have their opinion prospectively, in his, when he declares that "no book published in this country, with the exception of the Bible, deserves a more general circulation into every family in the country than this." The author everybody knows as the amiable editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*—a paper, as everybody also knows, of much local repute among us. To many a household to which this paper has come regularly for many years, like some kind and staid old friend of the family, welcome always for his various and cheery talk of the world within 'em and without us, his old-fashioned virtues, and his plain good sense,—will come also this book, like the same old friend in a different coat, not much changed for that, and not the less welcome. The duties and realities of life, its trials, its temptations, its anxieties, its occupations, its hopes, its joys, its compensations, its aims and ends, and all the incidents and lessons of its experience, are now the gamut over which the discourse of our old friend runs. Plain and pleasant is his speech, equal and temperate, with only now and then an honorable flush in it, like the honest reddening of the bong, when mischievous makers and scandal-browns—the puffy faces of private life, who are "nothing if not critical"—pass in review, and become the themes of notice. His speech has in it, too, something of that practical honest wisdom which makes Poor Richard famous; with sober graces of diction befitting one who has "fed on the dainties that are bred in a book," who knows the contents of many books, and is without "in wit a man, simplicity a child." Anecdote, reminiscence, illustration, poetic fancies, and apt words from the poets, diversify and illumine the current of his counsel, to which we hope many will listen, and profit thereby. It only remains to say, dropping metaphor, that the book is printed in excellent style, and embellished with a remarkably fine portrait of the author, very like him.

THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH, by CHARLES F. BRIDGE & AUGUSTUS MAVERICK, (Rudd & Carlton, New York,) puts in convenient form, a full account of the birth and progress of telegraphy, together with a history of the construction and laying of the great Atlantic cable. Atlantic cables and the public generally will find this good reading. It is an odd fact which we notice on page 153, that when the splice was made in the cable on the morning of June 26th, "a bent sixpence was put in it for luck!" Curious that this quaint old superstition should have presided, like some goliath of the Dark Ages, escaped from a shelfed bottle in the study of Cornelius Agrippa, over the latest and greatest achievement of our skeptical and audacious modern science!

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, August. Leonard Scott & Co., New York; W. B. Sieber, Philada.

SHAMAN IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM; OR, THE BRAINED HAND. Thacher & Hutchinson, New York.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS AMUSING ITSELF—A SPLENDID SIGHT—A YOUTHFUL DILETTANTO—OLD CUSTOMS—CHRISTIANESSES IN TROUBLE—A STRANGE STORY.

Paris, August 19, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The celebration of the "national fete" of the 15th of August has been more splendid than on any previous occasion. No one in France keeps the day of his birth, as is the custom of the Anglo-Saxon races, but the day set apart in honor of the saint or saintess, whose name he, or she, happens to bear. Thus all the Peters, Martins, Charles, Georges, Henrys, &c., receive the compliments and visits of their well-wishers on the day devoted in the calendar to their patron saint; all Maries expect presents, visits, pots of flowers, and other fete-day attentions on the day set apart to the virgin; all who are called Anne look for the same on St. Anne's day, and so on; the calendar contains a saint and saint's day for all names usually borne by Catholics. Thus the 15th of August being the festival-day of St. Napoleon, as well as the festival of the Assumption, is the fete-day of all who bear the name of Napoleon; and is now regarded as the National Festival, because that of the present chief of the State. As such it has been duly celebrated all over the country: the fêtes of Paris, as usual, taking precedence of those of the rest of the country in point of splendor.

At six o'clock, A. M., the cannon of the Invalides thundered forth to the metropolis the invitation to come forth and admire the works of a paternal government and its "undertakers of festivals," in the shape of the decorations put up in the squares of the la Concorde, la Barrière du Trône, des Invalides, and the Champ de Mars, together with the Bridges and the Champs Elysées. The style adopted this year was the Chinese; the Place de la Concorde being completely surrounded by a ring of pagodas, alternating with triumphal arches, which, though it would probably have been as novel in China as here, was none the less productive of a most charming effect. The French, too, are so perfectly at home when in a state of conglomeration, that they never get into nervous panics, but hold their way comfortably and pleasantly, circulating through the scene of festivity, appreciating, admiring, or criticizing, with imperceptible good humor and politeness. No pushing, no drunkenness, marred the popular behaviour; as the hour grew late, a few drunken men might be heard singing on their way back from the *terrasses*; but the fete, on the whole, was remarkably free from the ugly feature of rudeness and incivility.

The Emperor, in honor of the day, granted 1,241 paroles for crimes and misdemeanors; besides 506 remissions of punishment to soldiers, and a diminution of punishment to 348 other soldiers. Nor was the little Prince left out of sight on the occasion. His Imperial Highness, of somewhere about two feet, now staying at St. Cloud, in the absence of his papa and mamma, under the wing of a bevy of governesses, and an army of soldiers, received, in the morning, the visit of the officers of the Imperial Guard garrisoned at St. Cloud, and gave, at noon, a *déjeuner* to the children of the First Regiment of Grenadiers, among whom his little Prince-ship was enrolled the day of his birth. The little fellow, seated in a high chair, with napkin duly fastened under his chin, presided on the occasion, and comported himself with the curious gravity of manner for which he is already famous. One of the little guests read some verses in his Highness's honor, and presented him with a bouquet. The little fellow already receives the salutes of those about him, and raises his tiny hand to his head, in the approved manner of Imperial and Royal personages when returning the salutations of inferior beings, with a sober collectedness and self-possession not a little amusing. He seems already to feel himself "porphyry gladius;" and will evidently be fully "up" to the "proprieties" of the throne, should it ever be his lot to occupy that coveted species of sitting-apparatus.

As to the Emperor and Empress, if we are to believe one half of what the journals tell us, their progress "through the antient Armorica" is a triumph of the first water. Wherever they go, they find triumphal arches, *mairies*, prefects, and bishops, presenting keys, and vying with each other in speeches and declarations to the Emperor; young ladies in white muslin bestowing bouquets and effusions of false admiration and "devotion" on the Empress; dinners and breakfasts offered by municipalities, parades of "deserving" criminals resolved to have themselves better for the future, and be stowments of alms on a scale of the most lavish generosity, besides orders for building churches, hospitals, &c., to be defrayed mainly out of his Majesty's privy purse. The Imperial travellers having expressed their wish to see as much as possible of the ancient dresses, habits, and customs of Brittany—which still flourish in many districts almost unchanged by modern innovation as they were 300 years ago—all manner of spectacles illustrative of the antiquities of the country have been gotten up for their benefit. At one place they had a ball, in which the dresses and dances of the 15th Century figured in all their purity to the music of the bag-pipe and the (*biniou*); in another, a cavalcade of 1,000 cavaliers, each with his lady behind him, all arrayed and marshalled in the mode of ancient times, defiled before their Majesties; and so on.

At Grand-Champ, where an arch of the heather, broom, and gorse of the region spanned the road, presenting a really beautiful effect, the imperial pair went out of their track to visit an estate lately purchased by Princess Bacciochi, a relative of the Emperor. Here they were regaled with a luxurious lunch, after which they visited the beautiful grounds of the estate, and admired its picturesque views. In the course of this ramble they visited an immense awning, under which the Princess had assembled six thousand of the country-people, all impatient for a sight of their Majesties, and for whom the Princess had provided a

wings shadowing the great globe of fire on which it stood—and the superb sheaves, rockets, "fiery rain," and other wondrous inventions of pyrotechnic art that rush up into the welkin and seem to toss their fiery globes, and dew, and flowers among the stars, were visible for an immense distance. Three of the great "sheaves" in question, two that bloomed up from the ends of the enormous piece, and the last bursting out of the fiery eagle in the centre, opening above our heads, and slowly falling in clusters of starry flowers, red, blue, purple, green, and silver, mixed with long streams of golden foliage, formed a spectacle at once so beautiful, weird, and sublime that the most cynical spectators could not wonder at the cry of admiration that went up from the crowds below.

These superb fireworks were the conclusion of the day's "spectacles." They blazed away for about twenty minutes; and when they had burned out, and the vast clouds of golden, silvery, rosy, and purple smoke they left behind them had rolled off into upper space, the dense crowds of human beings congregated to watch them, began to move homewards. Not the least curious concomitant of such a festival is the all-pervading "roar," like the sound of "many waters," caused by the feet and voices of a whole population slowly defiling homewards through every street and alley, and filling the air, for a couple of hours, with a continuous noise like that of the sea at a distance; a subdued, incessant roar, which, heard from a quiet room, is almost more suggestive of the terrible power of the human aggregate, yea, "the crowd," than is the sight of the moving mass itself.

Happily the weather was superb; and no accidents marred the enjoyment of the day by those for whose special beatification the fete was got up. A grand review, by Gen. Magnam, in the Champ de Mars, formed part of the programme; but took place on the previous day, in order to avoid the marching of the troops through the crowd on the day of the fete.

The arrangements of the police are always excellent here on such occasions. No vehicle is allowed to approach the most attractive points of the display; policemen and *sergents de ville* are stationed at short intervals, and are ready to interfere at a moment's notice whenever the crowd threatens to become a *crush*. The French, too, are so perfectly at home when in a state of conglomeration, that they never get into nervous panics, but hold their way comfortably and pleasantly, circulating through the scene of festivity, appreciating, admiring, or criticizing, with imperceptible good humor and politeness. No pushing, no drunkenness, marred the popular behaviour; as the hour grew late, a few drunken men might be heard singing on their way back from the *terrasses*; but the fete, on the whole, was remarkably free from the ugly feature of rudeness and incivility.

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Homeric repast to which full justice appears to have been done by the army of guests.

Whatever may be the "loyal seal" of the Norman and Breton people towards the present Emperor, it is certain that the average mental states of the two provinces are not much to boast of. In this particular, however, they do not share the ordinary characteristics of the peasantry of France, a large part of whom cannot read, while those who can—judging from the quality of literature most in vogue with them—would seem to be but little better for the accomplishment. Indeed, so much scandal has been caused by the impunity with which the book-peddlars are allowed to sell the most mischievous trash, notwithstanding the license which they are obliged to obtain of the government for their wares, that the clergy themselves are beginning to take up the subject, and to denounce the extraordinary folly and absurdity of certain pamphlets and little books which, under the guise of piety, spread superstitious ideas among the ignorant peasantry. The Bishop of Strasburg has taken the lead in this denunciation; and the following *recipes*, from a small publication entitled the "Medicine-book of the Poor" show that the outcry is not made without cause:

"In order to cure boils," says the book in question, "address your prayers to the patron saint of the place where the sick man lives, at the altar of the saint; take a handful of ivy-leaves, gathered as close as possible to the ground, a piece of soap that has not been used, and beat up the whole into a paste with fresh cream; apply it to the sore, repeating the prayers for the sick, and you will be speedily cured."

"To cure colic. Place the middle finger of the right hand on the abdomen of the patient, and repeat these words: 'Mary, who art Mary, or the Colic Passion, who art between my liver and my heart, between my spleen and my lungs, stop this sickness, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

Then recite three *Paters* and three *Aves*, name the name of the sick person, and say 'God has cured them! Amen!'

And this deplorable ignorance co-exists with a most perfect contempt of medical knowledge.

Crabbie

"A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

"A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness!

"An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.—*Pope*.

Gifts are the beads of Memory's rosary.

—L. E. L.

TANTALUS OUTDONE.—Just imagine a shipwrecked sailor on a raft reading a Cookery Book.

A CHILD RECOVERED FROM THE MORMONS.—A case was tried recently before Chief Justice Eccles and Associate Justice Sinclair, of the Supreme Court of Utah. It seems that about four years ago the wife of Mr. H. Polydore, a lawyer in Gloucestershire, England, joined the Mormons and ran away from him. Taking only child, a daughter, from the boarding-school at which she was placed, she brought her, in a company of Mormons, to this place.

The father, in the meantime, made every effort to discover the whereabouts of the mother and child, and a considerable time elapsed before he found out that they were here among the Mormons. Finding that his individual efforts would be unavailing in procuring the return of his child, he applied to Lord Malmesbury, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in England, for aid in recovering his child.

SPAIN.—A Madrid telegram of the 25th says a military expedition is being prepared for Havana.

AUSTRIA.—The new born imperial Prince has been christened "Rodolph Francis Charles Joseph," by the imperial decree, the prince proprietor and colonel of the 19th regiment of infantry.

The report that a reconciliation had taken place between Austria and Russia, is formally denied.

CHINA.—It was stated that the amount of indemnity to be paid by China to England and France, as stipulated in the treaty of Tientsin, is 30,000,000 francs.

Lord Elgin had received from the Imperial Commissioner a written promise of a concession of his demands.

The American and Russian treaties had been concluded, and the Americans were believed to have stipulated for an annual visit to Pekin. The Commissioner at Canton was urging the people to war, and ignored entirely the negotiations in the north.

MARKETS.—In Cotton, all qualities of American were idly on the market, but at the close there were large discounts.

STATE OF TRADE IN MANCHESTER.—The Manchester trade was in a favorable condition, and prices were slightly better.

BEEFSTUFFS.—Flour firm, with a better demand than has been experienced for some time past. Wheat quiet but firm for good quality. Corn dull and firm, and quotations continued. Beef heavy, at a decline of 2s 6d@5s. Pork quiet. Bacon steady. Lard quiet but firm. Tallow firm.

An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and, arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, called for the usual register of travellers that he might duly describe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form—"English gentleman of independent property."

"But how have you put down

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY
LAST CRUISE."

ST. HELENA.

My last letter showed the reader how it was that we arrived at St. Helena on the 27th of January, 1858. I am now, in the present number, going to endeavor to impart a fair idea of what we there saw, heard and did.

The very day after our arrival the fleet surgeon and myself incurred the ridicule of "the mess" by quietly observing, that we were going to walk out to Longwood. It is scarcely necessary here to observe that "Longwood" is the name of the estate upon which the great Napoleon lingered out the last sad hours of his eventful life. This estate is situated near the top of the island, and is remarkable as possessing the longest tract of level land on that volcanic upthrust. This tract contains only three or four acres, from which fact some estimate may be formed of the steep and broken nature of the island. There are two houses now upon Longwood—"The Old House" and the "New House." It was in the former that the great Emperor lived through years of wan-tion and ungenerous insult—and just as he was dying, they built him "The New House." He never entered it, however. We had heard at Madeira that the English Government had presented "The Old House" plus an acre or two of ground to the French, and that "The Tomb" had been presented in like manner. "The Tomb" is not at Longwood. It is situated in a deep gorge, about one mile nearer Jamestown. Longwood is 2,500 feet above the sea, and five miles back from Jamestown, nearly in the centre of the island. The roads are zig-zag, McAdamized, and very steep—not so much as at Madeira, however. The hill-sides are sometimes bare, and sometimes sprinkled with an undergrowth of prickly pear, geranium, willow, etc.; more in the interior some of them support growths of stunted pines. To return to my narrative.

"I think I see you!" said the marine officer to the doctor, half enviously, "I'll bet you'll weigh several pounds less when you come back, if you do!"

"If you'll comb along, I'll walk you down before you have gone a mile!" quietly replied "The Fleet."

"No! I reckon I'll ride!" replied the soldier.

And we began to prepare for the shore. As we stepped into the boat and shoved from the ship's side, the party numbered eight. As we reached the landing, and separated, we were reduced to three. The doctor, Mr. B., an engineer, and myself. The other five saluted us by the title of "dejected pedestrians," as they turned a corner to search for a livery stable, and left us with the caution,

"Look out that we don't ride over you before you get half way!"

"It seems that they expect us to race with them!" I remarked to the doctor.

"I'll tell you what it is, Smith;" he replied, "if they don't look sharp about their horses, and if Longwood isn't over three miles from town, we will beat them."

Imagine a perpendicular wall of black rock six hundred feet high, washed by the sea, and having its towering breast rent by a black and yawning ravine retreating in broken length up into and between the overhanging mountains. The width of this ravine is about one hundred yards, and its inclination about as great as that of an ordinary carriage road. Its surface is by no means level; so that the parade ground, larger court-yards, gardens, etc., are mostly bolstered by artificial means. You may say that Jamestown consists of but one street, which follows the winding of the ravine, and throws off a narrow up-hill alley here and there by way of an archway. Of course the widest part of the town is directly at the beach, and there you encounter a heavy wall of stone-masonry, protected by a moat which must be crossed by a draw-bridge before you enter the town. This wall extends from cliff to cliff, is over twenty feet high, and is flanked by strong batteries. One of "the mess" and myself counted eleven of these latter from our position on the ship's deck; a perfect collection of fortifications.

As you approach the town in a boat, the cliffs on either hand arise to a height of six hundred and odd feet, are perfectly perpendicular in front, and so steep over the sides of the town that they can be ascended only by steps or zig-zag roads. Both of these are provided; in fact every road on the island is necessarily zig-zag; and it is almost exciting to look upon the long line of steps which ascend from the right of the city to the fort crowned crest overhead. There are six hundred and forty steps to that dizzy flight, and when you have ascended them all, you are six hundred feet higher than when you started; so one can imagine their inclination—it must be over thirty degrees; infinitely more steep than those of a house. We were told that so many persons had lost strength and confidence while ascending them and thus fallen or narrowly escaped doing so, that it was not every one who was now allowed to undertake it. During our whole stay I did not accomplish thefeat; but our marine officer who was induced to come down them, was so used up that he complained of sore muscles for the next week. There you have "Jamestown" reader, fronted by its heavy stone walls, flanked by its rocky hillsides, backed by an irregular and retreating ravine, and overhung by clouds and heavy fortifications.

And now let us trudge up and along the left wall of this ravine which runs back from Jamestown towards Diana's Peak, and which we must follow for a mile or so before we can ent across the ridge by a zig-zag path, and thence over several other ridges to Longwood.

As we thus breasted the steep hill-side under the melting rays of a hot forenoon sun, we left the town both behind and below us, looked down upon the troops in red and white uniform, who were being exercised in the limited parade ground, and finally halted at one of the zig-zag turnings to look down upon "The Briers." "The Briers" is the name of a small

country seat, romantically situated a mile or more up the Jamestown ravine, surrounded by tasteful grounds, and interesting to the admirer of Napoleon, as the place where he passed the first two weeks of his final captivity. We lingered sadly over it for a while and then continued our walk; just as we were joined by two of the junior officers who had taken another road.

The ridge crossed, we found a most promising country opening before us. We would now occasionally leave the carriage-road, and take the steeper but shorter cuts over the hills, passing through groves of pines and smaller trees, bushes, cactus plants of a dozen different forms, geranium plants covered with bright red flowers, and walking over a beautiful wax-like creeper, whose leaves were a bright green shaped like a bear's tush, and sprinkled profusely with yellow flowers. They were also so densely packed together that it was like walking over the most tickling of turfs. We had employed an active-looking boy of fifteen, to go with us as guide, and as we were in an English colony, he of course spoke English. Then the two officers who had joined us were bountifully supplied with two similar animals, between whom and our boy a desperate rivalry for the patronage of strangers seemed to exist. The consequence of this was, that they held each other in mutual contempt. This we soon discovered and derived no small amount of amusement from pitting them against each other whenever we saw anything that needed explanation.

"What do you call that bird?" I asked, pointing to a pair of beautiful canaries. I already knew from Mr. Someone that they were both plentiful and indigenous, but wanted to get up a dispute. I also knew from the same authority, that most of the other small birds seen in the bushes, were the offspring of parents imported and turned loose by design.

"Call him canary bird!" he replied quickly, "people find him here when they first come to the island."

"How is that?" I asked, appealing to "the couple," "he says those birds have always been on the island; what do you think of it?"

"Phew!" they answered, "he no know! You believe him!"

"Sir! those boys are no guides at all! They know nothing!" retorted our Cicero contemptuously.

This will serve to give the reader an idea of the state of feeling existing between our "solo," and the "duette" of our newly joined friends.

"By jove!" suddenly exclaimed the doctor, halting under the shade of a small tree near a turn of the road, "by jove! this heat is terrible. It serves me right though, for leaving my umbrella. Phew! this sun is hotter than I bargained for."

"My goodness! You haven't left your old cotton?" I queried, incredulously.

"Yes!" he sighed. "I don't know how I came to do it. But it's done nevertheless." The doctor and his large cotton umbrella always put me in mind of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday—they were seldom seen apart.

We had travelled about two and a half miles over such a road as the one already described, when we were overtaken by our equestrian friends, who, prancing by us in high good humor, commented freely upon our soiled garments, and generously offered us the use of their horses.

"Poor fellows! They are almost broke down!" sympathized the master.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the second lieutenant, just look at their dusty feet and trowsers."

"May be you'd like to ride behind?" kindly suggested the captain of marines.

"I'll hire my horse at double price!" offered another, &c., &c.

To all these pleasantries we replied in a most vivacious manner, dwelling at great length upon the subsequent benefit always derived from such exercise as ours, as well as upon the amusing results which generally overtook inexperienced horsemen. In addition to all this the doctor got up a spasmodic amount of activity, which enabled him to leap up and down the embankment with surprising vigor—after which he made a feint of jumping up behind one of our equestrian messmates, and ended by asking them if they thought men who were fagged out were equal to work like that. They passed on, crossed the summit of our last hill, and galloped quickly along its opposite side in the direction of the Tomb. We followed more slowly, and upon gaining the summit, over which they had disappeared, found a beautifully laid out garden upon our right, and under us upon the left, a vast gorge, which, as usual, commenced at Diana's Peak as a centre, and wound its rugged and descending length to the sea. I should have previously remarked that the Island of St. Helena rises boldly out of the sea to a height of 2,800 feet, and that the highest point is known as "Diana's Peak." "Diana's Peak" is in about the centre of the island; which has a circumference of not more than 30 miles, and the valleys (or rather ravines) diverge from it as a common centre as they descend to the sea. We looked over this valley to the opposite side and saw Longwood, separated from us by a chasm a mile or more in width, and probably a thousand feet deep. The road wound around this chasm, along the breast of the hill, crossing it by a broken and transverse ridge—the remainder of our way was therefore level, though artificially so.

"There is Longwood!" shouted our solo.

"And here in the bottom of the valley is the Tomb!"

"I suppose the gentlemen like first to step into the garden and drink from the water pipe!" suggested the duette, enviously.

As we were very warm and thirsty this suggestion of the duette met with the consideration it deserved.

Our solo saw this and was determined to be revenged. Here is the way he revenge himself:

"The gentleman who owns the garden does not like strangers to carry too many boys in with them. These two boys had better stay out—they always eat the fruit."

"Phew! Eat fruit yourself!" retorted the duette. "The gentleman know better."

"Well! you may all stay out," we replied.

They all followed us, however, as a matter of course. As we left the garden after refreshing

ourselves with some very cool water and continued our walk, we found the left or down hill side of the road guarded by a stone wall three feet high, and the right overhung by the distorted branches of stunted pines, which gave us a very pleasant shade. And now I noticed for the first time that all of these pines were bent over to the northward and westward at an almost uniform angle. We concluded rightly that this was owing to the constant pressure of the southeast trade wind, which bending them easily when they were young, thus regulated their growth. Even the branches and leaves were twisted and bent in the same direction.

We passed around the ravine, follow the road as it winds along the opposite hill-side, turn a corner, and come suddenly in full view of an undulating stretch of green sward, dotted with distorted pines and cedar, and ended by two houses at the distance of a quarter of a mile. And, now, reader, take off your hat and show respect to the mighty dead. In that miserable and half-ruined building to the right, Napoleon Bonaparte lingered over the sad remnant of his nervous life. In that more pretentious mansion to the left it was proposed to crush his spirit by years of continual insult—should his days not have been shortened. These two houses, and these hills which run off below us, compose all that is left of "Longwood." Let us walk on and enter "the old house."

We find the room in which he died windowless now, and used as a threshing room. Another has stalls built in it, and is used as a stable for horses and milk cows. Of a third, one side of the wall has fallen out, and in a fourth are nightly barricaded a flock of sheep. The plastering is nearly all worn from the walls; and damp, and neglect, and time are fast numbering it with the things that were. We lingered sadly through the desecrated halls and passages, and then returned toward the Tomb. We found this beautifully situated in the very bottom of the ravine, moistened by the spring from which he was so fond of drinking, and overhung by the willow which will never die. True the old willow is no longer there, but a younger and stronger one has arisen from its dust to spread its drooping branches over the weatherbeaten tomb, and arrest the eye of the inquiring traveller.

We spread our lunch under the shade of the willow, dipped water from the hill-side spring, cast ourselves upon the yielding turf, and passed a grateful half hour. Then we resumed our return, and reached the ship before sunset. A week later we were again at sea, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, distant 1,000 miles.

BABY LILY.

She was a purer, fairer bud
Than Summer's sun uncloses;
Spring brought her with the violet,
She left us with the roses.

A little pillow, where the print
Of her small head yet lingers;
A silver coral, tarnished o'er
With clasp of tiny fingers;

A mound, the rosebush at the head
Were all too long to measure,
And this is all that heaven has left
Us of our little treasure.

Oh! human pearl, too pale and pure,
Oh, little lily blossom!
The angels lent a little space
To grace a mortal bosom.

The azure heavens bend above,
Upstaying and cruel,
A casket all too cold and vast
To shrine our little jewel.

Sleep, baby, calmly in thy nest
Amid the fading flowers,
The while we strive to speak the words,
"God's will be done—not ours."

THE PRIVATE MAD-HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

Charles Reade, the author of "Never Too Late To Mend," has published in a London paper the following narrative of an escape from a private mad-house, illustrative of the way they sometimes manage such places in England:

On Friday last a tale was brought to me that some prisoner had escaped from a private mad-house, had just baffled an attempt to recapture him by violent entry into a dwelling-house, and was now hiding in the suburbs.

The case was grave; the motives alleged for his incarceration were sinister; but the interpreters were women, and consequently partial, and some, though not all, of the parties concerned on the other side bear a fair character.

Humanity said, "Look into the case."

Prudence said, "Look at it on both sides."

I insisted, therefore, on a personal interview with Mr. —.

This was conceded, and we spent two hours together, all which time I was of course testing his mind to the best of my ability.

I found him a young gentleman of a healthy complexion, mannerly, but not what one would call exact. I noticed, however, that he liked to fidget string and other trifles between his finger and thumb at times.

He told me his history for some years past, specifying the dates of several events; he also let me know he had been subject for two years to fits, which he described to me in full. I recognized the character of these fits. His conversation was sober and reasonable. But had I touched the exciting theme? We all know there is a class of madmen who are sober and sensible till the one fatal chord is struck. I came, therefore, to that delusion which was the original ground of —'s incarceration—his notion that certain of his relations are keeping money from him that is his due. This was the substance of the hallucination as he revealed it to me. His father was member of a firm with his uncle and others. Shortly before his death his father made a will leaving him certain personalities, the interest of £5,000, and, should he live to be twenty-four, the principal of ditto, and the reversion, after his mother's death, of another considerable sum.

"Phew! Eat fruit yourself!" retorted the duette. "The gentleman know better."

"Well! you may all stay out," we replied.

They all followed us, however, as a matter of course. As we left the garden after refreshing

ourselves with some very cool water and continued our walk, we found the left or down hill side of the road guarded by a stone wall three feet high, and the right overhung by the distorted branches of stunted pines, which gave us a very pleasant shade. And now I noticed for the first time that all of these pines were bent over to the northward and westward at an almost uniform angle. We concluded rightly that this was owing to the constant pressure of the southeast trade wind, which bending them easily when they were young, thus regulated their growth. Even the branches and leaves were twisted and bent in the same direction.

We passed around the ravine, follow the road as it winds along the opposite hill-side, turn a corner, and come suddenly in full view of an undulating stretch of green sward, dotted with distorted pines and cedar, and ended by two houses at the distance of a quarter of a mile. And, now, reader, take off your hat and show respect to the mighty dead. In that miserable and half-ruined building to the right, Napoleon Bonaparte lingered over the sad remnant of his nervous life. In that more pretentious mansion to the left it was proposed to crush his spirit by years of continual insult—should his days not have been shortened. These two houses, and these hills which run off below us, compose all that is left of "Longwood." Let us walk on and enter "the old house."

demanded to inspect the books. This was refused him, but a balance sheet was sent him, which was no evidence to his mind, and did not bear the test of addition, being £40,000 out on the evidence of its own figures. This was his will, which might be all he had for ought I could tell. Not being clever enough to distinguish truth from fancy by divination, I took cab, and off to Doctors' Commons, determined to bring some of the above to book. Well, gentlemen, I found the will, and I discovered that my man has understated the interest he takes in it; I also find, as he told me I should, his uncle's name down as one of the witnesses to the will. Item, I made a little private discovery of my own, viz., that — is residuary legatee, subject to his mother's life interest.

It is simply good logic founded on attested facts. For on which side lies the balance of credibility?

The father makes a solemn statement that he has thousands of pounds to bequeath.

The uncle asserts in writing while the father is alive, but gives the father and himself the lie when the father is no longer on earth to contradict him. They say in law,

"Allegans contraria non est audiendum."

Being now satisfied that the *sui distant* delusion might be error but could not be aberration of judgment, I subjected him to a new class of proofs. I asked him if he would face medical men of real eminence, and not in league with mad-house doctors. "He would with pleasure. It was his desire." We went first to Dr. Dickson, who has great experience, and has effected some remarkable cures of mania.

Dr. Dickson, as may well be supposed, did not take as many seconds as I had taken hours. He laughed to scorn the very notion that the man was mad. "He is as sane as we are," said Dr. Dickson. From Bolton street we all three go to Dr. Rutledge, Hanover Square, and on the road, Dr. Dickson and I agree to apply a test to Dr. Rutledge, which it would be

of no more pleasant occupation. I asked him if he would face medical men of real eminence, and not in league with mad-house doctors. "He would with pleasure. It was his desire."

We went first to Dr. Dickson, who has great experience, and has effected some remarkable cures of mania.

Dr. Dickson introduced me, and thus: "One of these is insane, and the other is not." Dr. Rutledge took the problem mighty coolly, sat down by me first, with an eye like a diamond; it went slap into my marrow-bone. Asked me catching questions, touched my wrist, saw my tongue, and said quietly, "This one is sane." Then he went and sat down by —, and drove an eye into him, asked him catching questions, made him tell him in order all he had done since seven o'clock, felt pulse, saw tongue. "This one is sane, too." Dr. Dickson then left the room, after telling him what was —'s supposed delusion, and begged him to examine him upon it. The examination lasted nearly half an hour, during which

— related the circumstances of his misfortune, his capture, and his escape, with some minuteness.

The result of all this was a certificate of sanity; copy of which I subjoin.

The original can be seen at my house by any lady or gentleman connected with literature or the press:—

"We hereby certify that we have this day, both conjointly and separately, examined Mr. —, and we find him to be in every respect of sound mind, and laboring under no delusion whatever. Moreover, we entertain a very strong opinion that the said Mr. — has at no period of his life labored under insanity. He has occasionally epileptic fits

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

"Little I ask; my wants are few;

"I only wish a hat of stone,

"A very plain brown stone will do.)

"Then I may call my own—

"And close at hand is such a one,

"In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;

"Three courses are as good as ten—

"If Nature can subserve on three,

"Thank Heaven for three. Amen!

"I always thought cold virtuous nice—

"My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—

"Give me a mortgage here and there,—

"Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,

"Or trifling railroad share;—

"I only ask that Fortune send

"A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,

"And titles are but empty names;—

"I would, perhaps, be Pleasure,—

"But only near St. James;—

"I'm very sure I should not care

To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin

To care for such unfruitful things;—

"One good-sized diamond in a pin;—

"Some, not so large, in rings,—

"A ruby, and a pearl, or so,

"Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;

"(Good, heavy silks are never dear;—)

"I own perhaps I might desire

"Some shawls of true cashmere;—

"Some marrowy erapes of China silk,

"Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive

"So fast that folks must stop and stare;

"An easy gait—two, forty-five—

"Suits me; I do not care;—

"Perhaps, for just a single sport,

"Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own

"Titians and Raphaels three or four;

"I love so much their style and tone;—

"One Turner, and no more

"(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt;

"The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few,—some fifty score

"For daily use, and bound for wear,

"The rest upon an upper floor;—

"Some little luxury there

"Of red morocco's gilded gleam,

"And velvet rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,

"Which others often show for pride,

"I value for their power to please,

"And selfish churls deride;—

One Stradivarius, I confess,

"Two Meereshaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,

"Nor aye the glittering upstart fool;—

"Shall not carved tables serve my turn,

"But all must be of bahl!

Give grasping pomp its double share,—

"I ask but one resounding chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,

"Nor long for Midas' golden touch;

"If Heaven more generous gifts deny,

"I shall not miss them much,—

"Too grateful for the blessing lent

"Of simple tastes and mind content!

O. W. HOLMES in Atlantic Monthly.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

When we had extended the six weeks which we meant to pass in London to two months, I expressed a wish of returning into the country; and Seymour complied with so little reluctance, that I prepared to return home with a much lighter heart than I had expected ever to feel again. But Mrs. Pendarves had a parting gift for me in her own way—a piece of intelligence which clouded over the unexpected brilliancy of my home-prospects.

"Well, my dear niece," said she, "I am glad you are going, though I am sorry to part with you; for I do not like Seymour's friend, Lord Charles Belmour. He seems to me, my dear, to have, in the words of the poet—

"That low cunning which from fools supplies,

And aptly, too, the means of being wise."

And I have thought no good of him ever since I saw him come out of Lady Bell Singleton's house with your husband."

"What!" cried I, catching hold of a chair, for my strength seemed suddenly to fail me, "does my husband visit Lady Bell?"

"Yes, that once I am sure he did; but then I do not doubt that Lord Charles took him there; for I am told his great pleasure is to alienate his married friends from their wives."

"Alas! from what a pinnacle of happiness and confidence did this foolish woman cast me down in one moment! Reply I could not; and she went on to give me one piece of advice—and that was, never, if I could help it, to admit Lord Charles within my doors, and to discourage his intimacy with my husband as much as I could.

By this time, I had a little recovered this overwhelming blow, and I resolved, in self-defence, and in defence of my husband's character, to tell her I must believe she was mistaken in thinking she was Pendarves come out of Lady Bell's house; but whether that were true or false, I must request her to keep such communications to herself in future, as a wife was the last person whom any one should presume to inform of the errors of her husband. But company came in; and soon after my uncle drove up to the house in his travelling carriage, and in a few minutes more they were both on the road to Cornwall. If Seymour, when he came in, had found me alone with Mrs. Pendarves, he would have attributed the strange abstraction of my manner to some information which she had given me; but he now imputed it to the headache of which I with

justice complained; and when my visitors went away, he tenderly urged me to go to my chamber, and lie down.

This was fortunate, as I should have disliked excessively to tell him what his aunt had seen, and to let him observe how uneasy the communication had made me; for I was aware that a wife whose jealousy is so very apt to take alarm, is as troublesome to a husband as one whose nerves are so weak that she goes into a fit at the slightest noise, and starts at the mere shutting of a door. Still, my husband's ignorance of the cause of my indisposition was a great trial to me, for it forced me to have, for the first time, a secret from him.

And he, too, it seemed, was keeping a secret from me; for spite of my entreaties that he would always tell me himself what it might grieve me to hear from others, he had called on Lady Bell Singleton, without telling me that he had done so!

Alas! I did indeed lie down, and I did indeed darken my room; but it was to hide my agitation and my tears; nor till Pendarves went out to dinner, which with some difficulty I prevailed on him to do, did I suffer the light to penetrate into my apartments, or my swollen eye-lids to be seen of any one. But then I rose—then, too, I rallied my spirits; for, in the first place, I was cheered by my husband's affectionate unwillingness to leave me, and in the next, I had nearly convinced myself that Mrs. Pendarves had not seen him when she fanned her child.

By this resolute endeavor to look only on the bright side, I was enabled, when my husband returned—which he did very early—to receive him with unforced smiles and cheerfulness.

The next day we set off immediately after breakfast, on our journey home; and I met my mother with a countenance so happy, that the look of anxious inquiry with which she beheld me was immediately exchanged for one of fearful joy.

"Thank God! my dearest child," she fervently exclaimed, "that I see you again, and see you thus!"

Why had she looked so anxious, and so inquiringly? and why was she thus so evidently surprised, as well as rejoiced?

No doubt, thought I, she is in correspondence with our gossiping aunt, and she has told my mother all she told me; no doubt, also, she has all along been that secret source whence was derived my mother's fear of uniting me to Pendarves. But then, was not her information derived from her husband—and was it not always only too authentic?

As these thoughts passed my mind, it was well for me that my mother was talking to Seymour, and did not observe me.

Two months had greatly embellished the appearance of our abode; and it looked so green and gay, and was so fragrant from the summer flowers, that Pendarves, always alive to present objects and present impressions, exclaimed, as we followed my mother through the grounds,

"Dearest Helen! why should we ever leave this paradise of sweets? Here let us live and die!"

"Agreed," said I; and my mother looked at us with delighted eyes, but eyes that beamed through tears.

Calm and tranquil were the months that followed—though my husband's brow was always clouded when letters arrived bearing the London post-mark; and when I asked who his correspondent was, he answered, "Lord Charles;" but never communicated to me the contents of these letters.

In walking, riding, receiving and paying visits, passed the time till September, when my husband had an invitation to spend a few days in Norfolk, on a shooting excursion; and when he returned, he found me confined to my sofa with indisposition. Never had woman a tenderer nurse than he proved himself during the three succeeding months; at the end of that time I was quite recovered; and as he had business in London, he declared his intention of going thither for some days, as he could not bear, he said, to leave me some few months later, and when a time was approaching so near to dear to his wishes and expectations.

To London, therefore, he went, and left me to combat and indulge, alternately, the fears of a jealous and the confidence of a tender wife.

His letters became a study to me. I tried to find out, by his expressions, in what state of mind he wrote. Sometimes I fancied them hurried, and expressive of a mind not at ease with itself; then, in another passage, I read the unembarrassed eloquence of faithful and kind love.

During his absence, my mother found me a bad companion: I was for ever falling into reverie, and a less penetrating eye than hers would have discovered that my symptoms were those of mental uneasiness.

At length he returned, and he gazed on my faded cheek and evidently anxious countenance with such tender concern, that my care-worn brow instantly resumed its wonted cheerfulness; and when my mother came to welcome him, she was surprised at the alteration in my looks.

"Foolish child!" said she, in a faltering voice, when Pendarves left the room, "foolish child! to depend thus for happiness—nay, health and life itself, perhaps, on one of frail and human mould! I see how it is with you: you were ill and anxious yesterday, but he is come, and you need no other physician."

"Did you see much of Lord Charles?" said I the next day, looking earnestly for my needle while I spoke, as I was conscious that my countenance was not tranquil.

"No—yes—on the whole I did. But why do you ask? I believe he is no favorite of yours."

"Certainly not."

"But I hope, Helen, you are not so very a wife as to wish me to give up an old friend merely because he does not please you?"

"No; I am not so unreasonable, even though I could give substantial reasons for my dislike."

"And pray what are these reasons? Oh! that reminds me of a joke Lord Charles has against you, Helen. He tells me he is sure you thought that he fell in love with you, when, on being first presented to you, he ex-

pressed his admiration in his usual frank way, which means nothing; for he says your prudery took alarm, and you drew up your beautiful neck to its utmost height, and have My lord and Your lordship him ever since into the most awful distance."

"True; but for a manner that means nothing, I never saw a manner more offensive to a modest wife. However, I am very glad he has been so clear-sighted as to my motives; for I wish him to know that I do not love such marked homage from him, or any other friend of yours, even in a joke."

"You are piqued, Helen."

"I am."

"Perhaps you wish me to call Lord Charles on? But, indeed, were I to call out all the men who look at you with admiring eyes, I should soon sleep with my fathers, or send numbers to sleep with theirs. No, excuse me, Helen: I will not quarrel with Lord Charles; for even if the fire ever was kindled, you know has now completely extinguished it; and I do assure you, he is a very good fellow, though odd, and not always pleasant."

"Is he paying his court to that Lady Bell?" said I, speaking her name with difficulty, and preceding it with an impertinent titter.

"I really—I cannot say positively. But that Lady Bell, as you emphatically call her, has quarreled with that fine young man whom you saw at Ranelagh, and perhaps it is on his account."

I said no more, for I saw his color heighten, and that his manner was hurried; and I tried to believe that the quarrel was wholly on Lord Charles Belmour's account.

I now, however, took myself seriously to task, for I was not violating a wife's duty, in trying to find errors in the conduct of my husband; and was I not, by so doing, endangering my own peace of mind, my health, and consequently, in my situation, my life? Was I not also depressing those spirits, and weakening those powers of exertion, which ought to make home agreeable and alluring to the dear object of my weak solicitude?

The result of this severe self-examination was, that I resolvedly determined to turn away from every anxious and jealous suggestion—to believe, as long as I could, that my husband was as deserving of my love and confidence when absent as he was when present, and to make a vigorous effort to stop myself on my way to being a fretful, jealous, and miserable wife.

Nor did I break my resolution, as you well know, my dear friend; for, if I had, you would never have even fancied that I deserved to be exhibited as an example of a wife's duty. But this did not seem to hear; but it made me thoughtful.

When I had been confined three weeks, I was able to leave my chamber for my dressing-room, which overlooked the garden; and one day, as I ventured to the window for the first time, I saw Charlotte Jermyn walking with my husband, and ever and anon hanging on his arm, almost leaning her head against him occasionally, and looking up in his face (he while reading a book) with an expression of fondness which alarmed and disgusted me. I then saw her snatch the book from him; and as he tried to regain it, a great romping match ensued, and lasted till they ran out of my sight, and left me pale, motionless, and miserable. For I found that I had been exposing my husband to the allurements of a coquettish romp; and though I acquitted both him and her of guilt that was wrong, I still felt that no prudent wife would place the man she loved in such a situation.

Many, many a wife, it is well known, has had to rue the hour when, at a period like this, she has introduced into her family a young and seemingly-attached friend.

What was to be done? I saw that the servants were aware of what was passing, and they would not judge with the candor that I did. I therefore convinced myself, that regard for my husband's reputation, and not jealousy, determined me to get down stairs, and out again as fast as possible, in order that I might make some excuse for sending Miss Jermyn away directly, as I wanted the best room for my maid.

Accordingly, I told her that in two days' time my mother would take up her abode with us for a few weeks; and that, as Miss Jermyn had long been desirous of her return, I hoped she would hold herself in readiness to set off for home on the next day but one, as my mother always slept in the room which she occupied.

"Oh, dearest Mrs. Seymour! do not send me away from you!" cried the strange girl, clasping and wringing her hands, "or I shall die with grief—for I shall think you do not love me, and I shall never survive it!"

The time for my belief in such phantasmata was now happily past, and I coolly replied, that "in no other but the best and most convenient room in the house could I allow my mother to sleep; therefore, she must go."

"Why so, Mrs. Seymour? I can sleep anywhere. There is a press bed in the little room; and I care not where I

commenced, and felt certain that the sacraments were sincere.

"I am glad she is going to-morrow," said I, mentally, and I sighed at the same time. Lady Harriet was a good foil to her, except in some—*for there, there could be no comparison; and by the side of Lady Harriet, Miss Jermyn was pretty.*

As soon as they had had coffee, the brother and sister drove off, but not before Lord Charles had fixed to return that day fortnight to dinner, on condition of my dining below.

When they were gone, my mother went down to make tea; and after that meal was ended, she asked if there was any objection to Seymour's going on in my dressing-room with the book which he began the night before, and in his reading till it was time for me to go to rest.

He complied instantly, and read till I was tired.

My mother then proposed that he should read me to sleep; to this he also agreed; and while I lay with the curtains closed round, my mother, he, and Charlotte sat round the fire; and it was eleven before I ceased to hear, and Pendarves retired to his own chamber.

My mother then went away, desiring Charlotte to be ready at six, as she should breakfast with her at that hour. But, as I afterwards found, she reached our house on foot before six, and just as Pendarves came down stairs.

By these apparently undesigned circumstances, my mother prevented any scene that might have called forth unpleasant observations in the family; but she could not prevent a most sorrowful parting on the side of the young lady. She wept, she sighed, she leaned against Seymour's shoulder, when he put his lips to her cheek; and he was nearly obliged to carry her to the carriage, for she declared she would not go till she had taken leave of me; but my mother was as positive that I should not be disturbed, and Pendarves gently forced her to the door.

What passed between my mother and her when they were on the journey, and alone—for the maid always preferred travelling outside—I do not know; but I suspect that she animadverted on her conduct and want of self-control in a manner more judicious than pleasant.

During these vexatious occurrences I must own that it was a sort of comfort to me that my aunt Pendarves had such inflamed eyes that she could not write; for otherwise the chances were that she might hear some exaggerated accounts of our visitor's conduct, and might think it necessary to address one of us on the subject, and give us good advice.

Well! this pernicious girl was gone, and my mind at ease again. Still I feared that she had done me a serious injury: not that I believed she had alienated my husband's heart from me, or from propriety; but she had been the first person to accost him to find amusement at home independent of me and of the exertion of my talents. He was an indolent man, and she had amused him, and beguiled away his hours, without obliging him to any exertion of mind.

Besides, she was not only a new companion but a new conquest. He was certainly flattered by it, and evidently interested. I was led to draw these conclusions by observing the gayish state into which Pendarves fell the day of her departure. He seemed to miss an accustomed dram. He gave me indeed, on my requesting it, a lesson in Spanish, which I had long neglected; but he seemed to do it as if it was a trouble, and he was too absent to make the lesson of much use. I however forbore to remark what I could not but painfully feel, and I fancied that my best plan would be to contrive some new objects of interest at home, if I could; but on second thoughts I resolved to propose that he should visit a sick friend of his at Malvern hills, for a few days, I believed it not to be for my interest that he should stay to contrast his present with his late home; but that he should go away to return from an invalid and the cold hills of Malvern, to me and his own comfortable dwelling.

No sooner named my plan to him than he eagerly caught at it, declaring that he had wished to go, but feared that I should think the wish unkind. Accordingly he only stayed to see my mother comfortably settled as my guest, and then set off for Malvern. Nor did he return till three or four days before he expected Lord Charles. By that time I had recovered my bloom and my strength, and our infant had acquired a fortnight's growth,—an interesting event in the life of a young parent: and I assure you it was thought such by Pendarves; and while he complimented me on my restored comeliness, and held his little Helen in his arms, I felt that he had no thought or wish beyond those whom he clasped and looked upon.

I could now join him again in his walks, and in his rides or drives.

My mother threw a great charm over our evenings by her descriptions of the country which she had so lately seen, and of the scientific men with whom she had associated. But Seymour and I both fancied that she was rather reserved and embarrassed when she talked of Count De Walden. Nor could I help being desirous of finding out the reason. One day I told her how sorry I was to think that she had shortened her agreeable visit entirely on my account; but, as if thrown off her guard, she eagerly replied, "Oh, no! I was very glad of an excuse for coming away;" and this was followed by such manifest confusion of countenance and manner that I suspected the reason, and at last I prevailed on her to confess it.

The truth was that Count De Walden, who had admired her in America, when she was a wife, as much as an honorable man can admire the wife of another, could not live in the same house with a woman still lovely, and even more than ever intellectual and agreeable, without feeling for her a very sincere affection; and as their ages were suitable, he made her proposals of marriage of the most advantageous and generous nature. But my mother could not love again: and though at her time of life, and that of her lover, she thought that mutual esteem and the wish to secure a companion for declining years was a sufficient excuse for a second marriage; still she had an unconquerable aversion to form any connexion, and

more especially one which would remove her to such a distance from me. When she told me how strongly she had been solicited, and that the advantages which she should ultimately secure to me by this union were held up to her in so seducing a light, as nearly once to overrule her resolution, I was so overcome by the thought of the escape which I had had, that I threw my arms round her, and bursting into an agony of tears exclaimed, "What could ever have made me amends for losing you? The very idea of it kills me."

My mother was excessively affected when I said this; but I soon saw that her tears were not tears of tenderness alone; and looking at me with an expression of sadness on her countenance, she said, "Two years ago, my poor child, you would have better borne the idea of such a separation; and had I been a jealous person, I should have been hurt to see how completely a husband can supersede even a mother. But I was pleased to see this, because I saw in it a proof that you were a happy wife; but perhaps you have now an idea, though still a happy wife I trust, of the great value of a parent, and can appreciate more justly that love which nothing can ever alienate, or ever render less."

What could I answer her, and how?

I did not attempt to speak, but I continued to hold her in my arms, and at last I could utter, "No, no, I never can bear to part with you."

That day Lord Charles Belmire came, according to his promise, and just as I had convinced myself that it was my duty to overcome my dislike to him, and to endeavor to convert him from an enemy into a friend. Accordingly, I went down to dinner, prepared to receive him even with smiles; but recollecting, when I saw him, his impudent assertion, that his admiration of me had meant nothing, and that I was an alarmed prude, my usual coldness came over me, while the deepest blushes dyed my cheeks.

However, I extended my hand to him, which he kissed and pressed; and as he relinquished it, he turned up his eyes, and muttered, "An angel woman!" in a manner so equivocal, that consistent as it seemed with "his joke against me," I could not help giving way to evident laughter.

Lord Charles was too quick of apprehension to be affronted at my mirth: on the contrary he felt assured and flattered by it. He had expressed his admiration only in *division* and *impertinence*, and as he saw that I understood him, he felt that we were much nearer being friends than we had ever been before; and when our eyes met, a look almost amounting to one of kindred passed between us. Lord Charles now became particularly animated; but some allusion which he had made to Lady Bellington, while addressing my husband, made me distrustful again, and I relapsed into my usual manner; and he was *My lord, and Your lordship*, during the rest of the dinner. Nor could I be insensible to the look of menace which I subsequently beheld in his countenance. It was not long before the storm burst on my devoted head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALABAMA'S HOCK WINE.—We publish the following from the New York Post:

"A friend and correspondent, in whose judgment we have great confidence, has presented us with a bottle of Citronelle wine, which he informs us, was made from the Catawba grape grown on the farm of Dr. Ulrich, called 'Ulrica,' near the Tallapoosa river, Tallapoosa County Alas. It states that the wine is the pure juice of the grape, without the addition of the slightest particle of alcohol. Its color is that of a beautiful topaz; and its rich fruity flavor is that which could be obtained only by the process of mellowing grape juice into wine."

"Dr. Ulrich, the manufacturer of this wine, is a German, well acquainted with the process of making Rhenish wines in his own country, and he is willing to place his Catawba Alabama hock by the side of the finest grades of hock wines imported from Europe; and some of his countrymen now in New York, declare that it is pure juice, and of a very superior quality and flavor; and so far as our own judgment is to be relied upon, we subscribe fully to the facts set forth by our correspondent."

"Dr. Ulrich states to our correspondent that he has tried both white and slave labor in the cultivation of his vineyards, and finds the latter decidedly preferable; and that, with a favorable season, he expects to produce not less than four thousand gallons of still and sparkling hock, next year, and hardly less than ten the succeeding year, and an increased quantity every year thereafter. He also stated that his lands will produce eight hundred gallons of wine to the acre, while the climate is far better for the grape than any in Germany."

"While the North Carolina Catawba grape, cultivated in Alabama, produces so enormously of superior wine, the Doctor is about to import cuttings from his own country, in order to ascertain how they will thrive on the Tallapoosa instead of the Rhine. He reports very fine sales on draft at five dollars a gallon for the first quality, on his farm, and three dollars and fifty cents for the second quality. Our readers will calculate the amount of income from the production of ten thousand gallons of this wine per annum, and upward; and we believe the people of our country will have the promise of so much wine, because it will inevitably reduce the use of ardent spirits, and improve the health and morals of our people in proportion. If we require evidence that such will be the result, we need only refer to portraits of France where wine is drunk to the almost total exclusion of distilled liquors."

"It is stated that Mr. Jacob Blant, thirty-six years of age, died in Manchester, Mass., on Monday last, of voluntary starvation. Mr. Blant was paying attention to a young lady of the town some three years ago, but his proposal for marriage was rejected. The disappointment preyed upon his mind, and he soon afterward attempted to blow his brains out, but only succeeded in destroying both eyes. He has consequently remained blind for three years. During that time he once made an unsuccessful attempt to starve himself, but without success. The second time he was successful—met his end as above stated. He had partaken of nothing for nine weeks but coffee, sweetened water, and morphine—driving his chief sustenance during that time from the fat of his system."

CAUTION TO FARMERS.—A farmer in Beloit Township, Washington Co., Ohio, lost 22 fine sheep, a few days ago, by turning them into a field of raked oats.

FRANC JOHNSON, a free man of color, has just returned to Newcastle, Pennsylvania, after having been a slave in the South for eight years. He was decoyed to Lynchburg, Va., about 1850, since which time he has been a kind of circulating medium throughout the whole region extending from Virginia to South Carolina. He has been sold twelve times, at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1,000. At length, being identified, his case came up for trial in the Court of Moore county, N. C., by which he was set at liberty.

CABLE INSPIRATION IN THE PILGRIM.—The Atlantic telegraph gives birth to an entirely new set of tropes and figures. Rev. Mr. Grigg, of New York, preached a cable sermon last Sunday week, in which he used it after this style:—"When the sulphuric acid of true repentance corrodes the contaminated sin of innate depravity and actual sinfulness, the fervent electrical force of prayerful entreaty," &c. Again, "Go to the telegraphic office of the atoning cross, and touch the wire of penitential prayer."

It is estimated that the bank-note circulation of the banks throughout the United States, on the first of July, was one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, resting on a specie basis of one hundred millions.

NEWS ITEMS.

The total produce of a single gill in one summer is estimated at 2,000,000 lbs.

There are 4,000 lawyers in the State of New York, including 1,000 in New York city. Happy New York!

EVERY OR NOT TAKING THE PARADE.—The Rockville Republican tells of a man living near Stamford who had actually never heard of the Atlantic telegraph. Hearing the bells all ringing in Stamford, he saddled up and rode to town post haste to see what was the matter, and when informed that the cable was laid, he wanted to know what cable, and said he had never heard of the thing, and couldn't understand it.—*Hartford Times.*

THAT IS A RIDICULOUS STORY copied from the Boston Bee, to the effect that a large portion of the Atlantic cable was manufactured on the side of the water, a wire factory in Providence having made a thousand tons a day of it. It may relieve the mind of the Boston Bee to know that the whole weight of the Atlantic cable was only about 2,500 tons, and that there is no wire establishment in the world capable of turning out 1,000, nor 100, nor 50, nor even 30 tons a day. So much for that story. We have no information that any portion whatever of the wire for the cable was made in America, though we should have known it had been the case.—*Mining Chronicle.*

THE REPUBLICANS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—About the 26th of August, a young man took lodgings at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La., entering his name as "S. Postwick, Lassalle, Illinois." On the evening of Saturday, the 28th, he paid for the insertion in one of the New Orleans papers, of his own death notice, got six copies of the paper, sent them to various directions, and took himself to Texas.

THE REPUBLICANS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

DEATH IN MILITARY REVIEW AT VIENNA.—A Hungarian regiment fired ball cartridges on a German regiment, killing three and wounding eight officers.

THE BELLEVILLE (ILL.) DEMOCRAT is authorized to say that Judge Breeze is not, and will not be, a candidate for the United States Senate, in opposition to Senator Douglass.

AN INQUIRITIVE GENTLEMAN or a mathematical turn of mind, is engaged in calculating what would be the probable length of the superfluous Atlantic cable, provided all the charms for inch bits, and sections, now kept as curiosities, were united in one piece.

THE BRITISH ECHO, whose name was assumed by the slave Putman, recently captured by the U. S. brig Dophin, arrived in Baltimore, Md., yesterday last, from the West Indies, where he had been in the pursuit of legitimate trade, and had captured a vessel which he had been assured was a slave ship, but which he had been unable to identify.

STEER FOR SHIRLEY.—The Scientific American says that on account of the superior lightness, durability and electricity of steel over iron, ships of steel are now being constructed; many are in course of construction in England. The first steel vessel ever built was the small steamer launched for Livingston's Expedition up the Zambezi river, in Africa. The Rainbow has just been built, a vessel of 180 tons, for the river Niger.

A MURDERER REQUITED.—A man named Myers was to have been hung at Columbia on Friday week. The scaffold had been erected, the rope prepared, and a vast crowd had assembled, when the respite was received by the Sheriff. Myers rejected the respite, saying that he was ready to be hung, but he was sent back to prison. The question was generally discussed by the disappointed crowd, whether it was lawful and proper to rerieve a condemned man against his will.

ADVANCE FROM SALT LAKE CITY.—The Courier des Etats Unis of Saturday publishes a letter from Captain De Riviere, the hero of the Blount affair, which letter we translate as follows:

To the Editor of the Courier des Etats Unis:

NEW YORK, Aug. 2, 1858.

MR. EDWARD.—Finding myself at last delivered from the judicial persecutions to which I have been so unjustly subjected, I come to ask of you a rectification of the facts which have been communicated to you, and which have been so callously applied to my person. I have been so callously applied to my person.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Atlantic telegraph continues singularly dumb. The insulation remains perfect, but no messages have been received. It is surmised that the removal of the telegrapher, Professor Whitehouse, which was to have occurred about the 1st inst., had something to do with this. Professor Thompson will succeed him. The Hughes instruments will be used, and it is confidently believed that with them three hundred words per hour can be transmitted.

AN ENGLISH BOOGIE OR PHRASE.—In England lately, a suit for breach of promise of marriage was brought by a fisherman's beautiful daughter against a captain in the English army, fixing damages at \$50,000.

The love letters of the gallant captain were so numerous that they were printed for the accommodation of counsel, making in all a volume of one hundred and ninety-eight pages.

The matter was finally compromised by the payment to the injured lady the sum of ten thousand dollars, with the promise that the volume of letters should be burned.

ON THURSDAY WEEK, in one of the Judicial districts of Tennessee, an election was held for a Judge of the Court of Appeals. Judge Wright was the only candidate known to be in the field, but the returns as far as received, indicate the election of Judge Walker, who, unknown to Wright's friends, had been nominated in secret.

LAST WEEK AN OLD LADY by the name of Ross, who is now 82 years old, walked from the Chester county poor house to her son's, in Chandlerville, a distance of 14 miles, in four and a half hours, stayed overnight, and walked back the next day. She seemed quite smart, and did not complain of being tired.

A LOSS LETTER appears in a Texas paper concerning the passage of McCullough's emigrant train across the staked plain to California. The Great American Desert, through which the train passed, is a barren waste, and poorly supplied with water. Out of 1,600 head of cattle, 550 died for lack of water, and for a period of seventy-six hours were without a drop to slake their thirst. The men also suffered terribly, and many shot down famishing bullocks on the road, stuck them, pulled off their boots or shoes, caught the *thick hot blood*, and drank it freely. By so doing they saved their lives.

MINERALS IN TEXAS.—The Western Texan says that travellers report that, between San Antonio and El Paso, there are almost literally mountains of iron in some places; and by building fire beside the rocks, the pure iron will melt and run down in puddles. In many places there are silver mines that were described years ago by the Spaniards, and large boulders rolled into the shaft—intending, of course, to return when they could be protected from the Indians; but these mines have never yet been reopened.

THE CREATION.—Prof. Gorini, of the University of Lodii, has exhibited a remarkable experiment illustrative of his peculiar theory as to the formation of mountains. He melts some substances, peculiar to his design, in a vessel, and allows the liquid to cool. At first, it presents an even surface; but a portion continues to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations are formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification, the resemblance is complete, and M. Gorini also produces on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes.

THE ROYAL MORGAN, well known as the steel or cream horse, is 37 years old. He is owned by John Gregory, of Northfield, Vt., who has declared his intention to exhibit the old veteran in harness at the State Fair to be held in Burlington, (Vt.) next month. He eats no hay, but subsists chiefly on meal, oats, shorts, potatoes, &c., and appears in a thriving condition. His step is still quick and nervous, and his trot as square as ever.

THE BUFFALO COURIER states that Mr. M. V. Buel, managing operator of the telegraph office in that city, has invented a new telegraphic instrument, which is believed to be superior to any now in use. By an ingenious arrangement of the machine, despatches can be sent over the same wire in opposite directions simultaneously. The instrument will send 48,000 words an hour.

KAUF, a London artist, has succeeded in photographing an exploding shell. The view is taken as the shell emerges from the smoke, and shows three-eighths of an inch of its track. It is curious that in every instance there is in the smoke about the shell a phantom human head, not visible to the eye, but quite distinct in the photograph. It is no doubt the reflection of the shadow of the gunner.

THE MOST DESPERATE PIECE OF COOLNESS we have heard of recently, was that of a young man named Maynard, in Bad Ax county, Wisconsin, whose leg was recently amputated. Whilst the leg was being taken off he *boldly asked for a chew of tobacco, and inquired the price of a cork leg*, saying that he intended to have one as soon as he got well and could earn one.

IT APPEARS THAT, OF THE FRENCH CONSPIRATORS drawn for the year 1857, nearly 18,000 have purchased for themselves exemption from military duty, at the price of 1,800 francs, or £72 each, paid by them into the military chest, or army donation fund. The entire amount paid in therefore, is nearly £1,300,000; out of which the administration now takes upon itself to provide the necessary substitutes, whom it finds chiefly by the inducements held out for re-enlistments.

TWO FRENCH GENTLEMEN who are great bibliophiles, have agreed (in disgust at the plebian universality of most books at the present day,) to print a book for themselves only. Two volumes of it will be the whole edition. It is to be printed on vellum, with most costly engravings, type cast exclusively for it, splendidly bound, and all the materials afterwards destroyed—each biblio-ristocrat remaining in lordly possession of one.

TRINITY BAY, Sept. 10.—Mr. De Saunt, the Electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph station, at this place, decline to make any statement relative to the Atlantic Cable for publication beyond the positive assurance to the agent of the Associated Press that there are only temporary difficulties of an electrical nature, and no reason whatever for any rumor that the cable had parted.

A PROBABLE FA

CAPTURED SLAVER.—Under in the Charleston Mercury states the Africans found on board the brig Putnam were purchased on the West coast at \$20 cents to \$4, and costing scarce more than \$10 or \$15 to be delivered on the coast of Africa, and were all to be sold by contract at \$100 or \$125 for the cargo. The slave, who paid a visit to them, gives many facts of interest. About 250, including females, are in comparative good health, the rest suffering from disease. That they belong to various tribes is evident from the difference of shades and their keeping in separate groups.

The U. S. brig Dolphin arrived at New York on Monday, having on board Capt. Townsend, the commander of the Echo, as a prisoner. He will be kept in the custody of the frigate Sabine to await the requisition of Mr. Hamilton, the United States Marshal of South Carolina, who has the Echo in custody for adjustment. Captain Townsend is a native of Rhode Island, and has a wife and three children residing in Providence. He is about thirty-three years of age, and a man of superior address and education. He is tall and well formed, and has prepossessing features. He speaks freely upon the affairs of the voyage of the Echo, and states that he was driven to engage in the slave-trade because of ill success in his voyages in legitimate commerce. After the Echo left New Orleans, he stated that he called the crew aft and said to them that he proposed to go into the slave trade and promised them \$900 each if they would continue on the voyage. The Portuguese and Spaniards were probably aware of the nature of the voyage before it was projected. All the crew acceded to the proposition. Instead of proceeding to St. Thomas, for which port she had shipped, the Echo shaped her course for the Coast of Africa. When she reached Congo River she landed two Spaniards, the slave agents, who went to look after the cargo, and the Echo proceeded to an island on the coast for water and fresh provisions.

When of Sagua la Grande, on her return, she discovered the Dolphin making towards her under British colors. She supposed the Dolphin to be a Spanish brig, which had hoisted British colors for a ruse, not supposing that there was any American vessel of war cruising among the West Indies, or if there was, that any American vessel would take a sufficient interest in the matter to interfere. When it became evident that the Dauphin was gaining on her, the crew of the slaver knocked out the hedges from her masts, and sailed down and cast overboard her bulwarks, to increase her speed. At the same time the liquor closets were opened, and the excitement of the chase was heightened by the general intoxication of the crew.

After a chase of nearly nine hours the Dolphin fired two blank cartridges at the Echo to make her show her colors. This was not regarded, and Captain Maffit ordered a shot to be fired, which passed a few feet from her stern. The Echo then ran up American colors, and the Dolphin immediately hauled down the British flag and ran up the stars and stripes. The next shot fired passed between the masts of the slaver, and seeing that she was now entirely at the mercy of the Dolphin the Echo then hauled down the American colors.

Captain Townsend is connected with an honorable family in Rhode Island. He distinguished himself in the war with Campeachy for his determination and bravery. He is somewhat dejected and melancholy, but is confident of escaping the extreme penalty of his crime by the verdict of a South Carolina jury. He expresses his gratification at being captured by an American vessel of war, and is grateful to Lieut. Maffit for the kind treatment he has received at his hands while a prisoner. He has not at any time been placed in irons and has been confined below decks, and guarded by a sentry.

The Government concluded on the 8th an arrangement with the American Colonization Society, by which the latter agrees to submit and instruct the captured Africans for one year after their arrival in Liberia, having a due regard to their health and comfort. For his service, somewhat less than \$500,000, which was originally proposed by the Society, is to be paid.

"PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP."—The northern part of Lawrence County, New York, and most of the region immediately adjacent to Lake George, is regularly visited by gentlemen from this region who go there to fish, hunt and recreation. A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from that region, gives the following account of a party of "philosophers," with whom people here are pretty well acquainted:—

"On Follenly Pond, a beautiful lake of three miles in circuit, is encamped a party of Boston gentlemen, whose character and dispositions have given to their shanty the name of the Philosophers' Camp. Knowing some of the gentlemen at the camp, and being commissioned by Martin to carry up some stores, we paid them a visit and found the party consisted of Professor Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Professor Jeffries Wymann, James Russell Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Stillman, Mr. Binney, Mr. Hoar, and Dr. S. G. Howe, with ten guides. A headland overlooking the blue expanse of the waters, and overhung by the mountains, had been selected for camp, and an excellent spruce covered shanty had been built for the visitors, and a tent raised for the guides. A fire of trunks of wood by night, and the pillar of smoke by day, while an American ensign waved a sublime ostentation over the roof.

The camp was a permanent one, and its arrangements complete. A butchery, where deer and fish were cut up and the offal buried, kennel for hounds, a landing for boats, and a covered kitchen for preparing dinner, were a portion of its accompaniments. The habits of the philosophers were as well arranged as their camp. At daybreak they all bathed in the lake and then separated for the different pursuits of the day. Agassiz catches bugs and other insects with an industry and enthusiasm that astonishes the guides, who are more bent on getting rid of the same insects than in securing them. Sam Punning, one of our guides who saw him, imitates his manner very successfully, running round as if endeavoring to catch some imaginary insect, which he at last seizes, either in the air or in his mop of hair, and then as he pinches him between his thumb and forefinger, exclaims.—'A very fine specimen of a bog-vee.' Dr. Wymann collects specimens of the anatomy of the wild animals of the district, and the distended stomachs of deer may be seen, inflated with wind and tied up with treads between different trees, like huge spiders waiting to entrap you. Holmes shoots and writes. Emerson reads and watches still, and when the day's amusements are ended, the supper dispatched, and the whole party are gathered around the big fire, earnest in their talk and lively expression, it would be a misfortune to affirm that no such coterie of friends is assembled at one heartthistle from the end of the chivalry to where 'the fisher bats his angle, and the hunter twangs his bow' on the larched banks of the Temiscouata."

WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT, IF TRUE.—M. Garani, a French mechanist, has, it is said, perfected his aerial ship, at a cost of 300,000 francs, and made a voyage to Algiers, Africa, and back in it—a distance of fifteen hundred miles from the starting point; the average speed was most one hundred miles an hour, the voyage occupying eight hours. M. Garani is to take the attempt from Havre to the city of New York, as soon as he has tested the character of his invention by a few short trips over the Mediterranean and its neighboring provinces.

GOVERNOR KING, of New York, has declared Staten Island in a state of insurrection, and has turned out troops to protect the quarantine.

A young spark, who boarded at one of the principal hotels in San Francisco, had managed for a long time, by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last the landlord became quite impatient, and stepping up to his juvenile boarder, slapped him gently on the shoulder, and asked him for some money. "I have not a cent about me at present," was the laconic reply. "But, my dear sir," said the landlord, "I cannot afford to keep a boarding-house without being paid."

"Well," exclaimed the young philosopher, "if you cannot afford it, sell out to some one that can."

MAN.—A province packed up in two yards of skin.—*Jones.*

A new Law is generally the child of a new evil.

In society, wholesalers don't mix with retailers; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tailow in the cask looks down upon sizes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at pennypenny nails.

What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine, —*Virian.*

While Shame keeps its watch, Virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart.—*Burke.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

Bid Asked.

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.

Pennsylvania R. R. 1st mort bonds 100 100

2d mort bonds 91 92

3d mort bonds 84 44

4th mort bonds 86

5th mort bonds 102

Reading R. R. 1st mort bonds 73 84

2d mort bonds 72 82

3d mort bonds 74 81

4th mort bonds 74 81

5th mort bonds 74 81

6th mort bonds 74 81

7th mort bonds 74 81

8th mort bonds 74 81

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99th mort bonds 74 81

100th mort bonds 74 81

101st mort bonds 74 81

Wit and Humor.

MEETING OF THE MONSTERS.

BY ULTRA MARINE TELEGRAPH.

At a meeting of the monsters of the deep, held at Cape Breton, yesterday afternoon, the Prince of Wales was chosen President, who stated the object of the meeting to be to decide upon the merits of the Atlantic Cable, its probable infringement upon the rights of original settlers, and generally to consider what it all meant. Suddenly, he said, they found this cable thrust down among them, which was calculated to deprive the small fry, as they deemed it, was something to eat. He himself had rubbed his nose against it, but could make no impression upon it. It was a little matter, but still it was to be looked at as opening a way through their domain, and he wished for a free expression of the opinion of the meeting. He was convinced that though they were fish they wouldn't be noisy about the matter, and if everything was satisfactory, he for one would say, let it slide.

Thomas Cod, Esq., was one that had been deceived by the line, and had, in his efforts to bite it, broken out several of his front teeth. [A voice in the crowd—"Go to the dentist's and get some new ones, and charge them to the telegraph company."] He heard the suggestion, and perhaps should profit by it, but his feelings were outraged by it.

J. Shark, Esq., of the detective force, said that as he was chasing a delinquent mullet, he came in contact with the line, and received a severe injury in his head. He begged the company to look at the wound. [He removed a large piece of kelp and revealed a deep mark over his right eye.] He confessed that he had been staggered by the blow, and asked if the company would see anybody injured in that way.

Sergeant Swordfish, of the Marines, declared that he had been startled by what he had heard. The domain of the main had been invaded, and he, for one, was ready to throw away his scabbard, and go and saw off the head.

King Fish, Esq., took the same view as his military friend, and went in for cutting off.

Mr. Horse McAlie thought there was cause to suspect anything in this line they couldn't see the end of. For his part, he thought all respectable fish should raise their tongues and sounds against it.

Jolly Porpoise, Esq., rose to speak, when every fin ceased to vibrate, and a universal smile spread over the audience. He said he had not come to make a speech, but he was of opinion that he might say something, as he usually did when he spoke. He was for introducing pacific measures; even though this was in the Atlantic. [Laughter.] He was not one to believe that that line was going to affect any fish that was not a chowder head. [Hear, hear.] If fish would confine themselves simply to cold water, there would be no danger. For his part, he was disposed to blow for the new line. [Cheers.]

Mr. O'Shun Shadd had come to listen rather than take any active part in the business of the meeting, but he and his companion, Mr. Blufffish, from a summer visit to the Glades, had learned to respect Yankee prowess, and would say if that enterprising class of animals had anything to do with the present mysterious arrangement, he wouldn't oppose it, because it would do so good. It was bound to go.

Mr. Bluefish responded, "That's so!" and a young Tautog, whose ancestor had fallen at Compton, wiped away briny tear, as he endorsed the response.

Mr. Deepsea Cod didn't see much cause for uneasiness, although he could not feel a direct interest in the matter, as, thanks to science, he was now master of a little file of his own, in which his interest was concentrated. The cry of "Liver" he had just heard in the crowd, did not affect him. He threw back the imputation, and would say that through his liver many human lights had been kept from going out. He was a philanthropist, and was willing to sacrifice himself so long as it would pay.

Mr. Bigg Blackfish did not apprehend much trouble from it, only he was opposed to all innovations. He didn't believe in any new fangled notions at all, and thought that by consenting to let the cable remain, they were encouraging the vagaries of the fish out of water. He would move the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the long line across our territory is an infringement, and should not be allowed.

This resolution was discussed by Messrs. Cod, Haddock, Dolphin, and others chiefly in opposition, when the resolution was lost.

It was then voted that the cable be allowed to remain, and the proceedings were ordered to be published, to be furnished through the cable, a battery of electrical cells having volunteered their services for the occasion.

After thanking the president for the polite and impartial manner in which he had discharged his duties, the meeting dissolved in deep water.—*Boston Gazette.*

A MINISTER'S WALK AND CONVERSATION.—The editor of the North Carolina Presbyterian, who is at the Virginia Springs, has heard a good story of Speaker Orr and the Rev. Dr. W. of Lexington. Not long since, the story goes, they were both at the Warm Springs, and met in a public room of the hotel. They had been sitting with other company, and after awhile the doctor rose and walked across the room with the usual limp in his gait. Mr. Orr immediately recognized him, and asked if he were not the chaplain at the University of Virginia at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said Mr. Orr, "a student at the University, and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." The joke placed Mr. Orr in an awkward predicament, and most men would have been unable to extricate themselves, but he replied with ready wit:—

"Ah, doctor, it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

A Doctor's Lure.—The following are some of the sweet seductions used by him to get a few of his customers when they are well, it is to get his dinner; if he don't do so it is because he cares more about the fleeces than the flock. If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has nothing else to do; if he doesn't it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath or religion. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company; if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. Who has a good carriage, he is extravagant; if he uses a poor one, on the score of economy, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties, it is to soft song the people to get their money; if he don't make them he is afraid of a cent! If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do; if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of. If he drives fast it is to make people think somebody is very sick; if he drives slow, he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neat, he is proud; if he does not he is wanting in self-respect. If he works on the land, he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he don't work, he is too lazy to be anything; if he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell everything he knows;" if he don't talk, "we like to see a doctor social;" if he says anything about politics, he had better let it alone; if he don't say anything about it, "we like to see a man show his colors;" if he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill; if he doesn't, it is unjustifiable negligence; if he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he don't, he is an infidel; if he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he don't use them, it is from professional selfishness; if he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to it on the ground that he understands his own business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors; if he gets pay for one-half his services, he has the reputation of being a great manager.

THE HEAT AND LIGHT OF THE SUN.—Considering the enormous and incessant emanation of light and heat from the sun, the question has often arisen whether the volume of the sun undergoes any diminution. If the high temperature is kept up either by electric currents or by friction, no loss of volume would be sustained; but if, according to the hypothesis of Newton, light is produced by the actual emission of luminous particles, a diminution of volume would appear to be a necessary consequence. Observation, however, can afford us no information on this head; for, supposing an actual diminution to be going on at such a rate as to lessen the diameter by two feet in twenty-four hours—which, having regard to the sun's magnitude, may be considered as enormous—three thousand years would elapse before the diminution of the apparent diameter would amount to a single second. The great mystery, according to high astronomical opinion, is to conceive how so enormous a conflagration—if such it be—can be kept up. Every discovery in chemical science here leaves us completely at a loss, or rather seems to remove further the prospect of positive explanation. New theories are constantly being propounded, most of which are either at variance with all the established laws of astronomical science, or otherwise inherently absurd.

THE HOOP.—Leigh Hunt goes into ecstasies when describing the additional beauties which the hoop added to the female figure. "When it was large, and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became not an abomination, but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it, and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half concealed in an hemisphere out of which the rest of her person rose like Venus out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was at proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk—her steps were not visible—she was borne along; she was wafted; came gliding." Thompson, in his juvenile days, was also seized with this madness for the hoop. He writes:

"One thing I mind—a spreading hoop she wore, Than nothing which adorns a lady more;

With equal rage could I its beauties sing—

I'd with a hoop make all Parthenas ring."

STENOGRAPHY.—This mode of writing was known to the Greeks; and Plutarch, in his life of Cato informs us that the celebrated speech of that patriot relating to Catilina's conspiracy was taken in short hand. Cicero, at that time consul, placed *notarii*, or short hand writers, in different parts of the senate-house to preserve the speech. We are also further informed that Titus Vespasian was remarkable for the rapidity with which he wrote short-hand. He not only applied it to purposes of business, but of diversion; it was his custom to get his amanuenses together, and entertain himself with trying which of them could write the fastest.

THE REFINED OLD TIMER.—The craving for strong excitement which formerly drew crowds of all classes to witness executions, &c., is curiously illustrated by the fact that the heads of the rebel lords placed over Temple Bar in 1747 were objects of great attraction; telescopes were fixed for the use of the curious at a half-penny a peep. "Not thirty years ago," says Mr. A. Hayward, in one of his essays, "it was customary for the governor of Newgate to give a breakfast to thirteen or fourteen persons of distinction on the morning of an execution. The party attended the hanging, breakfasted, and then attended the cutting down."

THE CLERGYMAN, who lives on the sea shore, says he prefers calm Sundays, because he is opposed to Sabbath breakers.

A RACE OF NOBLES MAY DIE OUT.

A royal line may leave no heir;

Wise Nature sets no guards about

Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,

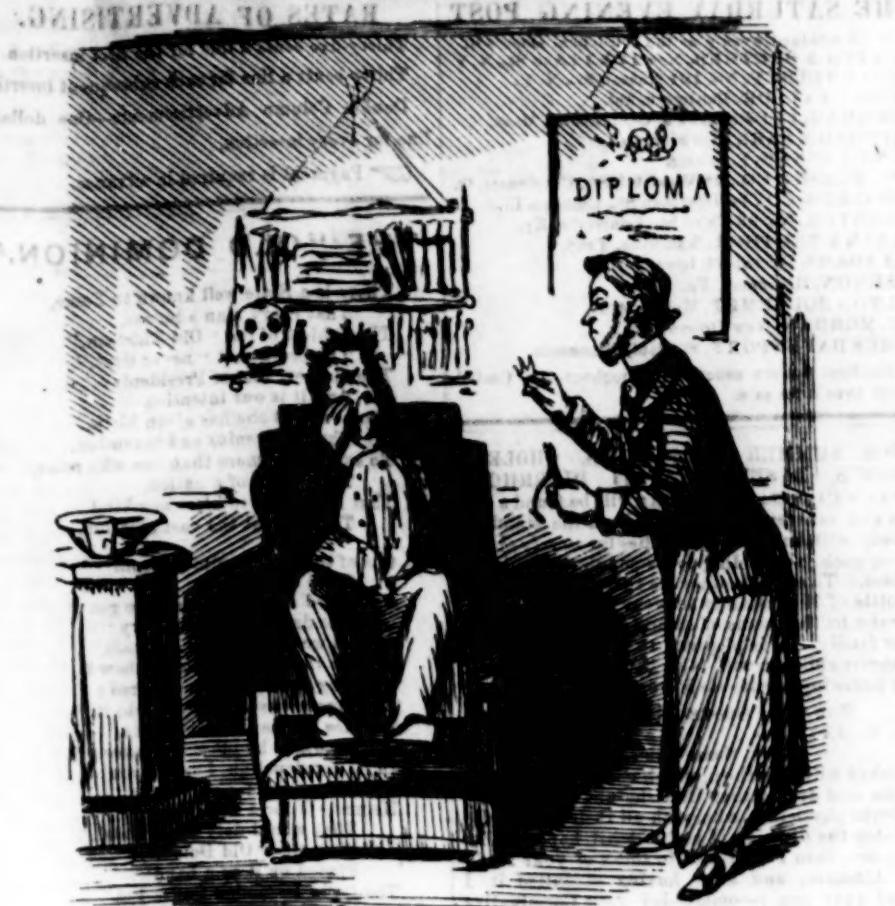
Who starry diadems attain;

To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed

Heirs of the old heroic strain.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE CUT DIRECT.—We once heard of a Kentuckian, whose amazing strength was attended with very fatal consequences. He was cutting a slice of bread and butter, when the knife slipped, and cut himself in half, and two men behind him.



A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

YOUNG PRACTITIONER.—"Hem, very odd—I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with this tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them—no matter how many I take out."

Agricultural.

STORING GRAIN.

I see it proposed in a late Mark Lane Express, to use hermetically sealed canisters for the storing of grain, on the plea, that "there can be no doubt, if we were to put dry wheat into a hermetically sealed tin can, it might be kept as long as the famed Mummy wheat of Egypt," to which it is replied, "This will be readily admitted, but the expense would be queried;" while another proposer adds, "The wheat canister should be a wrought iron or cast metal tank of greater or less size according to the wants of the owner, rendered impervious to moisture and atmospheric influence by a top hermetically closed, covered outside with a coat of hydraulic or other cement, and if necessary, first with a coat of preservative varnish: the air-chamber closed with an iron plug or lid with a pad of leather, caoutchouc, or gutta percha introduced between the parts in contact, and by an inner cover adapted to the neck of the chamber, hermetically sealed."

On reading this exact and capital mode of management, attended with so much trouble and cost, I was led to the remembrance of the best and cheapest granary that I had ever known, and which I should consider as sufficient for every common purpose, the fitting up being just in proportion to the quantity of grain to be preserved, and perfectly rat, mouse, and weevil proof, as well as (after the first cost) inexpensive for a generation. Such a fixing I witnessed at a farm in New Jersey, where all seemed just as it should be, and to appearance the arrangement had seen much service. It consisted of four, five, or more stout iron-bound casks, placed on a wooden rack, sufficiently high for a dog or cat to pass under, with a bung-hole in each cask to receive the pipe of a hopper by which to fill it with clean, well dried grain, and rendered completely air-tight by a simple wooden plug driven tightly into the bung-hole immediately after the filling; while a large tap with a spigot was fixed in the head of each cask, by which to draw off the grain when needed, each spigot being secured by a small padlock, to prevent depredation. It must be remarked, these casks require to be made of perfectly seasoned wood to prevent shrinking, but if this should ever take place, the evil is repaired by merely driving the hoops tighter. It may be needless to add, before any grain can be drawn from the tap of one of these granary bins, air must be given by removing the vent-plug, being careful to replace it immediately afterwards.—*Boston Cultivator.*

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD GARDEN SEED.—The importance of good seeds for the production of good garden vegetables, cannot be overrated. When poor seeds are planted, of course an inferior worthless product is the result. The practice of saving the latest ripened seeds prevails to a great extent, or of depending entirely upon the seedman for a supply. Neither practice is a good one. The reasons against the first, are very obvious—those against the last, are, as a general rule, seeds furnished by the seedman have not been carefully cured, but the whole crop, good and bad, is thrown in and sold as good seed.

The way to raise good radishes is not only to have a good soil but good seed. The radish is a biennial, but if a worm strikes, it will ripen its seed the first season, and the reproduction from such seed will be wormy radishes. Plant good seed the middle of July, and grow a stock radish from which to ripen seed the next year, and from such seed you may raise good radishes, but certainly not from the first mentioned kind.

The temptation to appropriate to table use the first produced, or ripe vegetables, I know is very great; but the true way is to allow the first sets of tomatoes, cucumbers, pumpkins, squashes, corn, beans, &c., to ripen for seed. Ripening the first sets, and consequently those nearest the root, for seed; not only keeps up the characteristic qualities of the vegetable, but gradually brings it into bearing a little earlier each succeeding year. In this way it is that earlier varieties are induced; whereas, by collecting seeds from the refuse of the vegetable garden in the fall, a constantly inferior vegetable is produced. By a little pains-taking in this direction, the horticulturist may always supply himself with reliable garden seed.—*American Farmer for September.*

HORSES RUBBING THEIR MANES AND TAILS.—In your impression of June 19, I observe a correspondent has sent you a recipe for "horses rubbing their manes and tails," and you also recommend turpentine. Allow me to offer you the following recipe, which I have always used, and found thoroughly efficacious, and at the same time, most pure, cleanly, and simple:—Sulphuric acid lotion—oil of vitriol, 3 drachms; rain water, 1½ pints; to be well shaken together. (This is a very clean lotion to rub on a horse when you find him rubbing and biting himself.) Rub the lotion on the parts a sponge two or three times a day.—*Ohio Far.*

WASH FOR TREES.—Make a firm soap of one part of lamp oil (no matter how much candied) and six or eight parts of strong ley or potash solution; one part of this soap and eight of warm water—apply with a brush or cloth attached to a long handle. This wash has been used on young trees with perfect success, entirely destroying the aphids, when the trees were nearly covered with them, and giving to the bark a healthy and vigorous appearance.

Apply the wash in February or March.—*Morse Farmer.*

CIDER VINEGAR.

There are hundreds of farmers in the western country, who are most of the time, either destitute of vinegar entirely, or make use of some slops, which is not only unpalatable, but decidedly unhealthy. The vinegar manufactured from apples enters largely into the consumption of towns and cities, and to some extent into that of the country also. Whiskey, with all its adulterations, is used for the purpose of making pickles, and, in that manner lends its aid to the destroyer of human life. Many other different methods of procuring the source of life are practiced, and many of which are not only productive of deleterious influences to the health of ourselves and our children, but require far more labor than ought to be bestowed upon that branch of a house-wife's business. We live in an age of labor-saving machines, and we ought to economize, both in labor and money, as well in the less important matters of living as in the more important. Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider, which you extract from the apples, does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose. Soak your apples a few hours—washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, add a half pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun, or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs, and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar, if they will follow the above directions.—*S. L., in Northwestern Farmer.*

THE BORER.—Now is the time for farmers to examine their young trees to ferret out and destroy the borer. They can be found with but little difficulty, by the dust thrown out in their destructive operations. Turn up the soil an inch; sometimes they are pretty well buried. We have found a piece of wire the best instrument with which to put an end to their career. A knife, by cutting hastily away the bark, frequently destroys the tree, and should never be used. A wire, on the contrary, after the hard portion often to be found at the entrance of the worm, is removed, can be forced into their holes and crush them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Useful Receipts.

PEACH LEAVES FOR YEAST.—Mrs. Daniel R. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., says the Rome Courier, has discovered that peach leaves are superior to hops for making yeast. The bread made from it is quite as light and equally well flavored. We understand that the yeast is made in the same way, except that dried peach leaves are used instead of hops.

WORMS A TRIAL.—Mullen leaves smoked in a pipe, in which tobacco has never been used, are said to be a sure cure for the bronchitis.

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—A medical journal says that the decoction of boxwood has been successful in cases of baldness. Four large handfuls of stem and leaves of the garden box are boiled in three pints of water in a closely covered vessel, for fifteen minutes, and allowed to stand in an earthen jar ten hours or more; the liquid is then strained, and one ounce and a half of cologne added, and with this solution the head is well washed every morning.

IMPORTANT HINT IN WASHING CLOTHES.—The American Agriculturist asserts that the great secret of the success of nine out of ten of the washing fluids, mixtures, and machines which have been sold over the country for many years past, is not owing so much to the inherent qualities of the articles themselves as to the process of soaking, which they invariably recommend. If people pursue the old-fashioned system of washing will simply take the precaution to throw all the clothing to be washed into water ten or fifteen hours before beginning operations, they will find half the labor of rubbing and pounding saved in most cases. Water is, of itself, a great solvent, even of the oily materials that collect upon clothing worn in contact with the body, but time is required to effect the solution. Every one is aware of the effect of keeping the hands or feet moist for a few hours—the entire external coating of secretion is dissolved. The same effect is produced by soaking for a few hours clothes soiled by the excretory matter of the skin.

GOOD RECEIPT FOR CITRON PRESERVES.—Prepare the rind, cut into any form you desire; boil very hard thirty or forty minutes in alum water, tolerably strong; take them from the alum water and put into clear, cold water, allow them to stand over night; in the morning, change the water, and put them on to boil; let them cook until they have entirely changed color, and are quite soft; then make your syrup, allowing one and a half pounds of sugar to one pound of fruit; then add your fruit, which needs but little more cooking. Mace, ginger, or lemon, flavors nicely. This receipt is the best I ever saw.

DAY SWEET CORN.—I send you a recipe which can be relied on. Boil the corn, then cut it from the cob and spread it on a cloth in a room where the air will circulate freely, taking care not to let the sun shine on it.—*Country Gentleman.*

CHINESE WIZ.—Somebody writes from an American vessel in the Chinese waters that a worthy missionary had scattered several copies of the Ten Commandments on the shore. The next day they were sent back, with the request that they might be distributed among the French and English, for the tracts contained admirable doctrines, and these people evidently much needed them.

BOSWELL OBSERVING TO JOHNSON THAT THERE WAS NO INSTANCE OF A BEGGAR DYING FOR WANT IN THE STREETS OF SCOTLAND.—"I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

BOOKS ARE MEN OF HIGHER STATURE,
And the only men who speak abroad for future times to hear.—*Mrs. Browning.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 1, 7, 19, 6, 11